

The Critic

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Holiday Publications

The Riverside Edition of Thackeray *

A NEW, COMPLETE, and what may be called definitive edition—if anything can be so defined in these days—of Thackeray is the Illustrated Library Edition, printed at the Riverside Press, in twenty-two handy cloth-bound volumes. It is very well laid out. The smaller original volumes—in the now extravagantly high-priced original editions—are brought together, two or three in one, to be nearly uniform in size with the two volumes of 'The Virginians,' the one of 'Henry Esmond,' originally published in three, the two of 'Pendennis,' the one which includes 'The Memoirs of Barry Lyndon,' and 'Denis Duval.' The 'Christmas Stories,' the 'Ballads and Other Poems' and the tales of 'Elizabeth Brownrigg,' 'Sultan Stork,' 'Little Spitz,' 'The Professor,' 'Miss Lowe' and 'Bluebeard's Ghost' fill one volume; the Newcomes sow their wild oats and good intentions broadcast through two. Most of the original illustrations are reproduced. They are not always as well printed as they should be—and here the publishers may have lost an opportunity to make this the final edition of Thackeray, for the somewhat scant margins might be accepted, as being like those on which the author's eyes first rested.

But, it is better than many new etchings to see once more the Colonel with Clive march up 'The Cave,' and the 'rum chap there was upstairs,' with his pork chop and his dressing-gown. Most of Thackeray's own romantic initials, his J's for plum-pudding and T's for Rhine-wine, are given; and Dicky Doyle, John Leech, Cruikshank and others come to the front once more with their inimitable vignettes. To each volume is prefixed an introductory note, which recalls in a few paragraphs the circumstances in which its contents first appeared. The 'Christmas Stories' bring out some anecdotes of Dickens, and 'The Newcomes' are ushered in with stories of J. R. Lowell and the Charterhouse. Notes on *Fraser's* and other magazines give valuable information to collectors of Thackerayana, and bits of criticism by Trollope and others are woven in. For those who cannot afford the precious first editions—and it might be sad to reckon up how many lovers of Thackeray are in that plight—this new edition offers a substitute, not exactly such as Scotch marmalade for butter, but better, to our thinking, than any that has heretofore been attainable.

Mrs. Deland's "Florida Days" †

IMAGINE a poet sitting down in a revery and dreaming in the yellow sunshine till his reveries all turn to gold, and the gold takes the shape of tropic everglades, towering palms, rivers winding in and out of shadow and of light, and sea glimmering on the horizon's circle, a land humid and yet lit with all the glamour of the South, a population ungirt and warm-colored and picturesquely and statuesquely lazy: a land of *hidalgos*, canebrake, and sunshine, and sluggish rivers; and suppose you called this revery, with all its poetry hanging like Spanish moss about it, 'Florida Days.' You

* Florida Days. By Margaret Deland. Illus. by L. K. Harlow. \$4. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

† The Works of Thackeray. Illustrated Library Edition. 22 vols. \$33. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

would then have Mrs. Deland's book. It is delightful that a publisher can be found for so unconventional a guide-book—one that 'guides' to nothing but a Lotus Land where sleep perpetual languor and sweet thoughts evoked by the magic word Florida. Mrs. Deland is an impressionist-traveller: a traveller all nerves and sensitive impressions and susceptibilities that tingle if a leaf trembles in the light or a lizard elongates in the sun or a lighthouse built of shell glistens on a forsaken shore. Her book on Florida is bred and spun of these: indefinable, inexplicable sentiments and sensations fed on the poetry of Florida and its mellow Spanish past, as a cocoon has fed on a mulberry-leaf and encircled itself somehow in silken threads.

Few people have felt the soul of Florida as Mrs. Deland's delicate, pondering appreciation has felt it. Geographically, for her, Florida is not: it might be the Philippines or the oozy Amazon or a segment of yellow Spain or anything else golden and glorious. Names are not mentioned: and yet for all that the place is there in all its dilapidation and radiancy and dirt and laziness: the unrivalled atmosphere, the thundering seas, the instant twilights, the sudden dawns. Yonder are the oranges agleam in their groves, the Spanish dagger, the rocket-like palms bursting into foliation at the end like a flash of vegetable fireworks, the dancing midges and mosquitoes, and the old Spanish life: all are here reproduced with marvellous delicacy and etching-like precision, the work of a busy brain caught in a landscape-tangle that nerves it to poetic expression, and acts on it like a tonic. So one might travel in the Mediterranean with Tennyson's Ulysses as a 'guide.' Were it not for the pictures, which pin us to definite latitudes, one might float on down these revery-tinted pages as on Ponce's own Fountain of Perpetual Youth, hoping never to reach the end and caring not whether it were the land discovered on Palma Florida day or not. The book appeals in a remarkable degree to the aesthetic traveller who loves to see his scenery through a haze. It is like Maupassant's 'Sur l'Eau' ('Afloat'), which reproduces the old Provençal coast in the same sunny, meditative, poetic way.

"Marie Bashkirtseff: The Journal of a Young Artist" *

IT IS SEVEN months since THE CRITIC first called the attention of American readers to a striking French book, the Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff, and time has verified our prediction that it would make a profound impression. The notice it has received in the magazines and daily papers—more particularly since Mr. Gladstone in *The Nineteenth Century* pronounced it 'a book without a parallel,' though less in consequence of that pronouncement than one would suppose—is a phenomenon easily accounted for. Unlike many volumes that have gained an ephemeral popularity through the intervention of a noted sponsor, this Journal contains in itself the elements that ensure a durable success. It is piquant, witty, intensely personal—morbidly so, if you will,—and fascinating even when it discourages sympathy. It is hard to lay it down when you have begun to read it. Marie dreams at twelve of marrying the 'Duke of H(amilton?).'

I shall be happy with my husband, for I will not neglect myself; I will adorn myself to please him, as I adorned myself when I wished to please him for the first time. Besides, I do not understand how a man and a woman can love each other tenderly, and endeavor to please each other unceasingly, and then neglect themselves after marriage. Why believe that with the word 'marriage' love must pass away, and only cold and reserved friendship remain; why profane marriage by representing the wife in curl-papers and a wrapper, with cold-cream on her nose, trying to get money from her husband for dresses; why should a woman be careless of her appearance before the man for whom she should adorn herself the most? [At sixteen she muses:] How is it possible to love a man who is dark, ugly, extremely thin? who has beautiful eyes, it is true, but who has all the awkwardness of a very young man, and whose bearing is by no means distinguished, after having loved a man like the Duke, even though it be three years since I have seen him? And remember that three years in a young girl's life are

* Marie Bashkirtseff: The Journal of a Young Artist. Trans. from the French by M. J. Serrano. \$2. New York: Cassell & Co.

three centuries. Therefore I love no one but the Duke! . . . Not even to an emperor could I say 'I love you,' with the conviction that I was speaking the truth. There are some to whom I could not say it at all. Stay! I have said it in reality. Yes, but I thought so little about it at the time, that it is not worth while to speak of that.

In Paris, in 1881—six years after the last paragraph was written,—when the episode of Count A. has ended in smoke, and the lung and throat trouble that is soon to end her life has already made mute the music of a voice which she had hoped would captivate the world,—Marie has become one of the cleverest art-students in the *atelier* of Julian. She is now twenty-one. Art is a passion with her, and to it she devotes her life. At the same time she confides to her diary her longing to 'ameliorate the condition of humanity.' Then follows the episode of Bastien-Lepage—friends and fellow-workers stricken down with mortal illness almost at the same time. But this is too painful to dwell upon: Marie must be its sole historian. Ten days before her twenty-fourth birthday she quits a world that disease has turned into a prison-house, leaving behind her a number of striking canvases and this unique Journal. The fame that no one could prize more highly than she, comes when only her mother—shut up in sumptuous retirement, and cherishing every memento of her daughter—is left, to derive from it a melancholy satisfaction. The English version of the Journal, translated by Mrs. Mary J. Serrano, who has omitted certain portions of the original that might seem diffuse to American readers, is fittingly dedicated to Miss Josephine Lazarus, to whose interest in the work its republication here is due. The volume, which is illustrated, is well printed and bound in a gilt-lettered white and grey cover that gives it a decidedly artistic and holiday air.

Bridgman's "Winters in Algeria"

IF 'WINTERS IN ALGERIA' recalls Fromentin's 'Le Sahel' and 'Le Sahara,' it is only because the author is an artist and sees things from the artist's point of view. It is a different Algiers from Fromentin's that Mr. Bridgman shows us. He is more at home with his Arab friends, less fastidious than the Frenchman. He penetrates into mosque and *senana* with such a matter-of-fact, innocent air that he is allowed to sketch in court and on roof-top, to be present at the women's gathering in the keeper's lodge of the cemetery of Ouad-el-Kebir, to take part in wedding festivities and witness Negro dances, where an ordinary Christian would find himself an unwelcome visitor. Pitching his easel in street or passage-way he becomes himself one of the crowd of open-air artificers, hawkers and donkey-drivers. He ventures everywhere, and is once 'shooed' out of an Arab gentleman's kitchen with a wave of the *hask*, as if he were an interloping chicken. These reminiscences of several winters and springs, during which the author travelled from Tunis to Kabylia and from Mustapha to the last traces of vegetation and settled life in the Sahara, are written without any attempt at literary form, often dropping into that charming artist's lingo, terse as a cablegram and colored with the slang of a dozen great cities, which is destined to take no mean part in the building-up of the true Volapük, the world idiom of the future. Mr. Bridgman's paintings and drawings have been utilized for illustrations to his book, some being reproduced by wood-engraving, others by photographic process. They show us many sunny nooks in mosques and cemeteries, black-eyed Yaminas and Baïas, Arab steeds, fritter shops, tombs and fountains. It is altogether a pleasant book of travel for winter reading. (\$2.50. Harper & Bros.)

Tennyson's "The Miller's Daughter" and "The Brook"
—TENNYSON'S 'The Miller's Daughter,' with pretty designs by H. W. Pierce, Edmund H. Garrett, Harry Fenn, J. Appleton Brown and J. D. Woodward, engraved by John Andrew and son, makes a very desirable gift-book for the holidays. Mr. Pierce's drawing of the brook, its old stone bridge and timbered mill, is excellent, if he does put pickered-weed where Tennyson puts flag-flowers; and the miller's daughter, also due to his pencil, is none the worse for being of the Creole rather than the English type of beauty. The majority of the drawings are his, and in them he has shown himself an illustrator of remarkable versatility and power; but Mr. Brown's blossoming apple orchard, Mr. Fenn's sparkling mill-wheel, and Mr. Woodward's drawing of the stile are also very good. The cover has a silver cartouche on a dark blue ground. (\$3. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

MR. WEDWORTH WADSWORTH'S illustrations to Tennyson's 'Song of the Brook,' made apparently in India-ink and reproduced by some process which gives a very fair imitation of the blotty appearance of a rough water-color drawing, may not please those used to smoother and more finished work in holiday gift-books; but the larger drawings are none the less good. The vignettes which are run in with the text are sometimes pretty, sometimes empty of grace or meaning. The cover, decked with colored bronzes, can hardly be called a success. (\$2.50. Cassell & Co.)

"Lorna Doone" Illustrated

AN EDITION of 'Lorna Doone' which should bring much credit to the publishers is that illustrated by Harry Fenn, Henry Sandham, Margaret McD., Pullman and several other artists, and published at Cleveland, Ohio. There can hardly be many corners of Exmoor nor many picturesque passages in the book which have not been illustrated by these industrious draughtsmen. Vignettes of old houses, farmyards, sketches of moor, or vistas in the rocky glens break the text, run into the margin, or adorn the initial letters of every chapter. Besides these there are many full-page drawings in which Lorna Doone and Ruth Huckaback and John Ridd and Tom Fag-gus play their parts. They are mostly either pen-drawings or wash-drawings reproduced by photographic process. The perfectly smooth paper and the light-faced type favor the good printing of the latter, which accordingly look better than they commonly do, many of them, indeed, being perfectly successful; yet we imagine that, their experiment made, the publishers will be inclined to keep to the more easily printed pen-and-ink work for the future. (\$5. Cleveland: Burrows Bros. Co.)

"Cathedrals and Abbeys"

IN VERY LARGE woodcuts, familiar to the countless readers of the Harpers' weekly publications, and a few smaller ones of similar style, are illustrated a large number of 'Cathedrals and Abbeys in Great Britain and Ireland.' The pictures are well-drawn and doubtless give a fair account of the architecture of Worcester, York and other famous minsters. The letter-press, printed in large type, is by the Rev. Dr. Richard Wheatley, and is full of antiquarian and other lore. The most artistic part of the book, which requires to be supported on a lectern, is its cover, with initial letters of title and mitre for vignette printed in red and gold. (\$10. Harper & Bros.)

"In a Fair Country"

'IN A FAIR COUNTRY' is the title which the publishers have happily imagined for a selection of T. W. Higginson's 'Outdoor Papers,' illustrated by Miss Irene E. Jerome. The selections are six complete essays, which make the round of the New England year—'April Days,' 'My Outdoor Study,' 'Water-Lilies,' 'The Life of Birds,' 'The Procession of the Flowers' and 'Snow.' The illustrations have just the quality which is likely to appeal to refined people who are not specially attracted by either the scientific for the artistic presentation of natural facts—who believe in nature for nature's sake. What the artist would eliminate as not strictly suited to his technique, and the botanical or ornithological draughtsman as not of great importance in determining species, is just what Miss Jerome gives with that self-taught felicity which we observe in the early sketches of portraitists like Gilbert Stuart. Her lilies and clematis, her orioles and warblers, and the landscapes that serve for their backgrounds, have the charm of things vividly seen and reported incompletely but without conscious alteration. (\$6. Lee & Shepard.)

The "Autocrat" in New Dress

THE NEW EDITION of the well-beloved 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' will cause to throb in many a breast an old pleasure, keen as pain. Even those who have for years treasured upon their shelves the familiar brown-backed 'Autocrat,' bearing the imprint of another publisher, will think it no infidelity to welcome the new love, appearing, as it does, in two small, easily handled volumes, perfect specimens of modern book-making, vested in dark olive, lettered with gold, and printed on paper delightful to touch, in type that is 'gude for sair een,' or any 'een.' It is quite too late in the day to say anything new about the contents of the 'Autocrat.' To praise it were a work of supererogation offensive to the good taste of the reading world. More years ago than one would care to count, young minds took color from it that has never yet grown pale; and now, 'The children of those who first read these papers as they appeared' (says the author, in his preface written in 1882), 'are still reading them as kindly as their fathers and mothers read them, a quarter of a century ago.' So it will be, long after the beautiful life, clouded in its afternoon by a sorrow no love and

yearning of the thousands he has helped and counselled could avert, shall have passed into the unknown. Wisdom like this, wit so lambent, humanity so broad, are not sent every day like dew to freshen us. Age cannot wither nor custom stale the Autocrat; and to our homes and the homes of those who are to follow in our footsteps, we bid him welcome thrice, whether in old clothes, or in the brave new garniture. (2 vols. \$2.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"Good Things of Life"

THE SIXTH SERIES of 'Good Things of Life' is as bright and entertaining as any other volume of the half dozen. We have the obnoxious Mr. Tynchaser and his opulent but unresponsive widow; the too responsive young lady over the page who wants a reasonable time—five minutes—for reflection; the impulsive De Spoonville, who starts for the door when a new arrival announces that 'It's raining, girls'; the young theologian who has found an absolutely unexpected field of activity for the Creator; the 'Uninitiated Father' who puns—severely—upon 'the line' in the Salon; the outer barbarian who shrinks to nothingness after a few words with a Bostonian; and many other agreeable oddities. (\$2.50. F. A. Stokes & Bro.)

"Legend Laymone"

'LEGEND LAYMONE,' whatever that may mean, is given to the world as a 'poem' by M. B. M. Toland. Its poetry may be judged of from the following stanza, which is one of the best:—

Some natives were won from idolatry soon,
While others,
Their brothers,
Still worshipped the moon.

But the publishers have induced several artists to make very pretty designs to this nonsense, which have been carefully reproduced in photogravure. Mr. W. H. Gibson in landscape, Mr. Herbert Denham in figure-drawing, Mr. R. T. de Quelin in a fanciful decoration design of butterflies, Messrs. H. Siddons Mowbray, Wm. T. Richards, J. B. Sword, F. S. Church, H. Bolton Jones, Francis C. Jones and Miss Maud Humphrey have wrought their best and produced drawings which make the text a matter of no consequence; in addition to which there are several smaller designs reproduced from bas-reliefs by Mr. John J. Boyle. (\$2.50. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

"American War Ballads and Lyrics"

THE LATEST ADDITION to the attractive Knickerbocker Nuggets Series is 'American War Ballads and Lyrics,' edited by George Cary Eggleston. The editor has succeeded in bringing together in these two volumes the best verses inspired by the Colonial wars, the Revolution, the War of 1812, the War with Mexico and the Civil War, besides including those whose only merit was their popularity at the time; and his notes, in many instances, throw new light upon the history both of the verses and their writers. The volumes are copiously illustrated by vignettes and tail-pieces. The pictures are sometimes fairly good and sometimes pretty poor. We notice two or three typographical errors in the press-work, one of them being in the poet Read's name, which is spelled *Reid*. Dainty books and desirable are these, though in the matter of indexing they leave something to be wished for. (\$2.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Minor Notices of Holiday Publications

O FLOWERS! O Music! O Love!
O Sun! O Moon! O Stars!

cries Mary Mathews Barnes in her 'Epithalamium,' and Dora Wheeler translates each apostrophe into a pretty picture. The stars twirl their rayed disks, the flowers swing heart-shaped censers, and Love holds out a wreath of roses. Verses and pictures are well matched, and in their cover of white and gold should make an acceptable wedding-gift. (\$5. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—MR. WILLIAM MAGRATH has been unusually happy in his illustrations to Lover's song, 'The Low-backed Car.' His 'Sweet Peggy,' with her basket of geese (for 'Twas on a market day'), his turnpike man who forgot to ask toll of her, his 'young buck' in the market square, and his couple on their way to the priest, all look as though they'd been drawn from life—the same life from which Lover drew his verses. A number of excellent vignettes on wood add variety and animation to the book, the photogravures not being always as successful. (\$5. J. B. Lippincott Co.)—A VERY ATTRACTIVE illustrated book for holiday times is Owen Meredith's 'The Earl's Return.' The illustrations are by W. L. Taylor, who was sent to Normandy for the special purpose of making his pictures true to the scenes depicted in the poem. This artist has done his work well, and has succeeded in embellishing Lord Lytton's text with about fifty drawings, all of which have been care-

fully engraved by Mr. Andrew. The volume is a small quarto, tastefully bound and printed, and deserves to be one of the popular and best-selling books of the season. (\$1.50. Estes & Lauriat.)

Books for the Young

"The Boy Travellers in Mexico"*

NO BOOK which Col. Knox has written appeals so strongly to the American youth as does this—his latest and, as we think, best volume in the Boy Travellers' library. It has both a domestic and foreign, and an ancient and contemporaneous interest. We have no nearer neighbor than Mexico; her delegates are now attending the Congress called by our Government; her former territories are now our States; twice have we invaded her—once with fire and blood and later with money and railroads; on her soil were trained our mighty captains of the Civil War, and in her picturesque life our writers still find most popular themes. Mechanically, too, the present volume is the handsomest, and in art the freshest of the series. Instead of antiquated woodcuts predominating on its pages, as in some of its predecessors, a considerable number of the hundreds of spirited pictures have been drawn and engraved within the last five years.

Dr. Bronson and his two youthful companions enter the land of cactus and silver by way of Texas, and the days of Houston and Davy Crockett, the Alamo and Palo Alto are vividly recalled. Then along the pathway once rutted by Gen. Taylor's artillery wheels, but now paved with iron and wood, the party are whirled past the Sierras and through the picturesque scenes of a hybrid Latin and American civilization into great cities. Stops are made at caves, battle-fields, haciendas, ruins, cotton factories, tortilla bakeries; and with *diligencia* and carriage rides to collateral places, the time flies delightfully as they travel and we read. The arts, manufactures, social peculiarities, manners and customs, military, civil and professional life are seen, enjoyed, commended and criticized. The narrative is continually seasoned with the anecdotes, jokes, witticisms, comparisons and reminiscences for which Dr. Bronson is endlessly famous. We are taken also into the other republics of Central America, and treated to a chapter of well-digested information that will surely set many a boy to reading the daily newspapers to learn more about the visiting delegations now in this country. The author is eminently successful in harmonizing his text with the prodigal display of illustrations. In print, paper, binding and maps between lids and leaves, the book is the peer of any in the series, as in special interest to Americans it is the superior.

"Personally Conducted"†

TO BE 'personally conducted' by Frank Stockton is an uncommon treat indeed, for in him the boys and girls have a *cicerone* skilled in the art of conversation, a traveller conversant with all the curious and characteristic things of the Old World, and a story-teller renowned for the audacity of his stories. Across his gay page streams a *queue* of 'Cookies' gazing entranced at the wonders of Europe, while he, heading the juvenile procession, discourses persuasively of Rome and Paris, Venice and London. From port to port and city to city we float, listening to the *cicerone's* talk, now in the south of France with the great Roman bridges, now at Naples and Pompeii among the buried cities and volcanoes, now in the Duomo of Florence or underneath Giotto's lovely campanile, anon climbing Rigi or letting the gorgeous light fall over us from the rainbow-eyed window in Poet's Corner, Westminster. Under Mr. Stockton's guidance we sail along in gondolas, climb by mountain-railways, hurry forward in diligences, and speed over the channel in double-deckers, catching the charm and breath of every scene, lingering on the Rhine or in rural England, eating macaroni in Italy and *schweizer* in Switzerland, or watching the great

* The Boy Travellers in Mexico. By Thomas W. Knox. \$3. New York: Harper & Bros.

† Personally Conducted. By Frank R. Stockton. Illus. by Pennell, Parsons, etc. \$2. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

crowds on the Boulevard des Italiens in Paris. From scene to scene we are shifted—city to city, chapter to chapter,—as the Stockton panorama unfurls and unfolds, gathering on its many-colored canvas many-colored scenes full of frolic and fun for the travelling Peregrines, and full of instruction, too; for Mr. Stockton 'talks like a book,' and so accomplished a caterer to literary tastes knows what is good for boys and girls as well as for their elders. As old as the world is the comedy of travel, and as young as yesterday is its inexhaustible amusement. There is nothing better—except going oneself—than to travel in and through these pages, or get them sympathetically read aloud by an interesting reader. Pisa and its temples loom up; London and its docks, Genoa and its gardens, Capri and its grot, Holland and its cheeses—all become a crowded, delightful picture that talks like a phonograph and fills eye and memory with things good to see and to remember.

Edwards's "Two Runaways"*

THE DISCOVERY of a new writer is always an enjoyable surprise, like that of a new bird of paradise. Usually our literary lists and ornithological annals are crowded to overflowing. We say, 'There is no room for another'; and settle down in cynical complacency to wait for what, in our judgment, paradoxically enough, will not 'turn up.' We scan the intellectual horizon, and because no phenomenon heaves instantly into sight, we sink in satiety—almost in self-gratulation,—and say, 'There are no more ships on the sea.' So the great Elizabethans said when that great and affluent age came,—and went; so Augustan Virgils and Horaces doubtless thought and sang, even though they admitted that great men *had* lived before Agamemnon; and so the big wigs and voluminous petticoats of Louis XIV.'s time dreamt and prophesied as that marvellous age dawned, 'full-mooned,' and paled to the eighteenth century twilight of Marmontels and J. B. Rousseaus. 'There is no more salt in the sea.' And yet the old mill went grinding on,—the sea grew more salt; its surface tossed with merry intellectual fleets; and Victorian, Tacitean, and Napoleonic times and seasons followed the 'spacious times' that seemed to render expectations of renewal worse than hopeless. The 'Saturnia regna' return again, and that is the beauty of it!

Thus it was that Joel Chandler Harris, 'Tom' Page, Bagby, Craddock, Johnston and Cable seemed to have exhausted the possibilities of the Southern dialect story: Craddock's 'mountains,' Cable's 'Creoles,' Harris's and Johnston's 'crackers' and 'niggers' filled the entire canvas of their respective character-drawings to repletion: there seemed no room for a new planet to swim into our ken. And yet—such is the inexhaustibility, not to say the perversity of Nature,—here is a new dialect-writer, new-born, new-eyed to things hitherto unseen, endowed with new faculties and felicities, full of new scenes and sensations, and moving among his novelties with a passion and power such as thrill one on gazing at something before unknown and unexpected. Mr. Edwards has a rare and charming talent: he reproduces the Negro in his multifarious 'funny' and tenderness and dramatic tendencies with a completeness, a sympathy, never before compassed by a Southern writer: his pathos brings instant tears; his humor is as spontaneous as it is human; and beneath both lies the most intricate knowledge of Negro character grown from life-long association, loving appreciation, and a power of throwing himself into the *mille* of the rather mixed Negro nature which we have not before seen in a writer of his 'section.' It is not the Negro alone, however, with whom he deals: he is equally felicitous in his delineations of 'cracker' experience. 'Elder Brown's Backslide' is a capital tidbit of this kind, and 'A Born Inventor' is the most amusing skit imaginable. There are three Negro *contes* in this collection that show real genius: 'Two Runaways,' 'Ole Miss and Sweetheart,' and 'De

Valley an' de Shadder.' The middle story is as exquisite as anything in Daydet: while all show an uncommon dramatic power, which crops out, too (decked with wreathing smiles and fast-following tears), in 'An Idyll of Sinkin' Mount'in.' This is a thin volume, but it is thick with suggestiveness and promise.

"The Knockabout Club in Spain"†

THERE IS no land more fascinating than Spain, whether in its poetry, scenery, associations or architecture; and this fascination is recalled nearly every Christmas in brilliantly illustrated volumes like the present, or in portfolios of photographs, or in legends of the Moors, or in tales of the navigators. It lies just enough apart from the 'beaten track' to pique curiosity and charm the traveller with its old-time civilization, its romantic customs, its beautiful *sierras* and its dark-eyed *señoritas*; and the the traveller who yields to the charm will never regret it. Mr. F. A. Ober is peculiarly fitted for the task of exploring anew its quaint cities and dusty high-roads: his travels in Mexico and the West Indies as naturalist, historian and explorer had filled him with enthusiasm for his theme, and given him ample preparation for 'taking in' appreciatively all that he saw. Accordingly he and the 'Judge' set out *via* Paris, Bordeaux and Biarritz, and drop into this enchanted country early in March. They travel much on horseback and in the great lumbering Spanish *diligencia*; they peep into cathedral cities, cross ancient Roman bridges at Seville and Salamanca, visit mighty aqueducts like that of Segovia, prowl among the cloisters and libraries of the Escorial, dream delightful dreams in the Alhambra, and see the 'ladies of Cadiz.' All along the way they fall in with queer people and queer adventures, visit fantastic little towns associated with the name of Columbus, haunt the great picture-galleries, and talk jovially with *sagas* and muleteer, *majo* and bull-fighter, *contrabandista* and custom-house official: gathering bouquets of souvenirs to carry home with them, and filling their notebooks with pleasing remembrances. Here they come on traces of Cervantes and Don Quixote; there they see relics of the Inquisition; yonder Ferdinand and Isabella attract them in grand old cities like Valladolid or Granada. Everywhere old times and new times jostle each other in this dreamlike land which has been in a revery ever since Ximenes died and which is still full of the story of the Cid.

Intermingled with these personal experiences and piquant jaunts are *entremets* of history and dates, references, and side-glances at Prescott and Irving, just enough to let the reader 'whereabouts' himself and ascertain in what century of the Christian era he happens at a particular spot to be. The travellers wandered for a month through the Alhambra, Granada, and the Vega. They saw Andalusia and its beggars glorified by Southern sunshine, and Moorish princesses slept in its gold side by side with Murillo's Madonnas. From thence they slipped over into mysterious Morocco and the region of the Great Desert. 'Thus it came about that our hunting-trip to Florida resulted in a voyage to the West Indies, the West Indies led up to Mexico, Mexico to Spain, and Spain to Algiers and the North Coast of Africa.' And through the charming Spanish round Doré's illustrations accompany us sprinkled copiously among Mr. Ober's pages—'fully illustrated by Doré and other distinguished artists,' as the publishers rather oddly express it.

"Robin Hood"‡

EVERY CHRISTMAS endows Robin Hood with a new lease of life, and shows how fresh and living must be the springs from which this ever-delightful old English romance gushes. Castaly itself could hardly be more perpetual, more exhaustless. Robin Hood and Maid Marian, Friar Tuck and Little

* Two Runaways, and Other Stories. By H. S. Edwards. Illus. by Kemble. \$1.50. New York: The Century Co.

† The Knockabout Club in Spain. By F. A. Ober. \$1.50. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

‡ The Life and Adventures of Robin Hood. By J. B. Marsh. \$1.50. New York, Geo. Routledge & Sons.

John are figures that have entranced the childhood of the English nation during all the centuries from A.D. 1193 to A.D. 1889, and that entrance English children still. The old English ballad-books bubble over with them; their green jerkins flash through the bye-ways and highways of early England; their pranks and capers give fun to many a poem, and their cross-bows and arrows kindle our youthful dreams still with fond and emulous enthusiasm. What forest is like Sherwood Forest, for thrilling adventure and haunted glades and mighty oaks and whizzing deer? What friar was ever so fat and funny and lovable as Friar Tuck, who steals wine for Robin from the monastery cellars, and is one day found dead 'under the greenwood tree'? What maid is half as pretty as Maid Marian, who sickened and died of the court life of stately London, and whose death broke Robin's heart? And where did ever such charming abbesses and bold cavaliers and splendid hounds and brilliant huntsmen live, as in this gay and deathless romance? Mr. Marsh knows his audience well, and his new volume of Robin Hood adventures with its colored illustrations will meet with a friendly welcome. He has gathered his materials from many a ballad and rare book, and has spun a skein of thirty chapters from them glittering with incident, full of 'scapes and scrapes and skirmishes, and stringing in well-ordered sequence all the tell-tale adventures of Will and Robin, of the Rovers and Friar Goodly, of Gammer Sheriff of Nottingham and Abbot Scarcegrace. Here they are, all, in brilliant clothing—the Baron and the Bishop, Sir Richard of Lea and the Monks of St. Mary's Abbey, Boldheart and King Richard, Sir Guy and all—a jovial, roystering crowd that will delight the youngsters and open their eyes as wide as saucers.

Lang's "Blue Fairy-Book"

IT IS NOT often that a 'blue-book' is so fascinating as the new venture of Mr. Lang into fairy-land. Usually blue-books concern themselves with things altogether trivial and mortal, such as the Alabama affair, South African politics, or Samoan imbroglios. The ever-fertile anthropologist, versifier, and leader-writer, however, rushes into the *mêlée* and redeems the title for the wee folk, the lovers of Paribanou and the Wonderful Prince, the architects of Aladdin's palace, the seekers after the Terrible Head. His 'blue book' is aimed to drive off 'blues,' not to produce them, like their homonyms above; and to this end he sets valiantly to work with certain accomplished feminine collaborators and gathers far and wide from the literatures of all lands, making a miscellany that will wonderfully delight all the children of Christmas. The tales that have pleased so many generations cannot fail to please one generation more. Old Perrault is here in his quaint old English version of the eighteenth century; and so are the 'Cabinet des Fées' and Mde. d'Aulnoy adapted by Miss Wright; two ladies give us charming bits of Grimm in 'Snowwhite and Rosered,' 'Rumpelstilzkin,' 'Hunsel and Grettel,' and others; Mrs. Hunt translates several masterpieces from the Norwegian, while Miss Violet Hunt condenses 'Aladdin'; and Gulliver travels anew in the nipt version of Miss Kendall. Even 'Paribanou' is here, from the savory old English translation of Galland; one of Mr. Gomme's chap-books contributes 'Dick Whittington'; 'Jack the Giant-Killer' comes from another; and 'The Red Etin' and 'The Black Bull of Norrway' emerge from Chambers's 'Popular Traditions of Scotland.' The editor's own hand is revealed in the poetical version of 'The Terrible Head,' which gathers the distorted features of Medusa from the scattered pages of Apollodorus, Simonides, and Pindar, and works them up into an image of pity and honor new in its very ancientness. Very exquisite is his translation of the Danaë-lullaby of Simonides (already gracefully translated by Dean Milman):
Child, my child, how sound you sleep!

* The Blue Fairy-Book. Edited by Andrew Lang. Illus. by H. J. Ford and J. P. Jacob-Hood. 2s. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Though your mother's care is deep,
You can lie with heart at rest,
In the narrow brass-bound chest;
In the starless night and drear
You can sleep, and never hear
Billows breaking, and the cry
Of the night-wind wandering by;
In soft purple mantle sleeping
With your little face on mine,
Hearing not your mother weeping,
And the breaking of the brine.

Another dainty snatch of verse occurs in the same tale, which, with its fellow-tales, is bound in a spangled dress of blue-and-gold, with a big moon and a dazzling goblin disporting themselves over the gold-sprinkled surface.

Baring-Gould's "Grettir the Outlaw"

THE SAGA of Grettir the Strong has been converted into an entrancing book for boys by S. Baring-Gould, who has been over most of the country described in the tale and enters with great spirit into the rough-and-ready life of the Norse colonists in Iceland about the year 1000. Like the most of these northern heroes, Grettir seems to have had little to recommend him save strength and courage; he was a quarrelsome, sullen and idle fellow, but always ready for a fight or a hazardous exploit. He swims freezing rivers, carries a bull uphill on his back (a story also told of a Gaelic champion), has a tremendous encounter with a ghost, breaks a berserker's jaw by kicking the shield which the mad fellow was biting, kills thirteen robbers single-handed, and performs many other wonderful feats. But, at last, he gets himself outlawed, and, driven into the splintered lava fields, the glaciers, swan-lakes and jokuls of central Iceland, the most marvellous part of his adventures begin. He lives alone or with other outlaws, some loyal, some treacherous, in caves that are only a series of lava bubbles, or in wonderful valleys, full of flocks and rich herbage, warmed by hot springs though surrounded by frozen mountains. His long years of outlawry nearly over, lying sick and wounded in an islet in the northern sea, he is despatched by an enemy, who, in turn, is hunted to Constantinople by Grettir's half-brother, and killed there. Some of the fighting is more grotesque than bloody. There is a battle between rival families over a stranded whale, fought with hatchets and strips of blubber; and, on other occasions, bags of curds do duty as clubs. Most of the tale was translated, the author tells us, many years ago, which may account for certain roughnesses of composition. There are a few woodcut illustrations and a colored map of northwestern Iceland. (\$1.50. Scribner & Welford.)

"St. Nicholas"

OPENING the new volume of *St. Nicholas* at random, we come upon a picture of two urchins enjoying 'The First Holiday of the Summer,' fishing from a wooden bridge over a promising-looking creek. The road is white with dust behind them, and the sky with clouds and the leaves shine in the sun. The line hangs straight down and there is evidently something at the unseen end of it. The volume itself, it strikes us, is just as good to go fishing in. You can drop your line anywhere and make sure of a good haul. We will only mention, among the stories, 'Daddy Jake the Runaway,' 'Lætitia and the Redcoats' and 'The Story of Turk,' with authentic portraits of 'Daddy' in the canebrake, of Letty with her messenger-goose and of 'Turk' stretched out asleep near his home on Mount St. Bernard. All these are in one volume; in the other for 1889, we are shown 'A Rose in a Queer Place'—in a block of ice; and told in verse immediately afterwards of a 'Discontented Snow-Flake.' Edward Alston describes 'The Routine of the Republic' so that our future Presidents may know what is expected of them; and for those young citizens who may prefer hunting seasons when they grow up, there is a full account of that exciting sport. Poems and pictures are numerous; and of riddles and music, droll jokes and queer fancies and realities stranger than fiction there is simply no end. (2 vols. \$2 each. The Century Co.)

"Putt's Notions"

THE AUTHOR of 'Putt's Notions' says that her nursery name was 'Putt,' and that domestic pressure has induced her to write a book bearing that title or none. Here is an instance of a prophet ill-advised in her own country, since, barring the title, the book is clever and entertaining—a collection of short stories, with which 'Putt's' entity has nothing whatever to do. The tales are brief records of modern society in England, dashing and witty, with occasional touches of pathos. 'The Gardener's Story' tells the sad lot of 'the pretty lady of Windy Wa's,' who, like the French poet's rose, lived for the space of morning, only. The 'Schoolgirl's

Story' begins in merriest mood, to end with discord like a clash on the piano-keys interrupting melody. 'The Young Man's Story' narrates the good luck of one Dick Lee in getting rid of the bride assigned to him by his father's will, by finding another of precisely the same name. 'The Widow's Story' is rattling in style, with a motive suggesting the short tales at the end of *London Truth*. And 'Somebody Else's Story' is the dramatic conclusion of the series—an episode in the experience of Noel Troward, wherein is set forth the blind worship of a young man for a ballet-dancer who brings him, as her marriage-dowry, insanity and shame, and in the vain effort to save whose unworthy life is sacrificed that of their only child, a boy six years old. 'Laddie had been told to shield his mother from harm. He had seen or heard her leave the house unprotected, and regardless of the bitter night, had sprung from his warm bed, and followed her up the giant rock, straight on to the brink of that fearful precipice, with as high a sense of his duty, and as much real courage in his panting little breast, as ever inspired a brave man to fight and die for his country. . . . Nothing was seen again in this world of little Laddie.' (London: Jarrold & Sons.)

"Babylon Electrified"

'BABYLON ELECTRIFIED' is one of those romances of love, travel and science which invariably hail from France. The translation into English is done with such spirit, that we enjoy a double flavor as we peruse, feeling that author and translator have joined hands to do their best. Nor ought the artist to be forgotten, for the work is copiously illustrated by Montader, from whose nimble pencil scores of laughable as well as impressive pictures have come to reinforce the text. The purpose of the author, Dr. A. Bleunard, is to display in a romance of travel and excavation the wonders of applied electricity. He has named his book 'Babylon Electrified: The History of an Expedition Undertaken to Restore Ancient Babylon by the Power of Electricity, and How it Resulted.' An 'English nobleman' attempts with the aid of two English engineers, a French electrician and other physicists, to restore ancient Babylon by the use of electricity as a motive power. Two parties leave Europe fully equipped for the work, one overland from the Mediterranean coast by way of the proposed railway route, and the other by the Persian Gulf and the Euphrates. On these two threads are hung descriptions of travel, adventure, pictures of the natives, reflections on ancient times and manners, theories of archaeologists, and speculations as to the future. Ladies being in the party, there are episodes of flirtation, love, and subsequent marriage. In the town of Liberty the electrical apparatus is set up, and the excavations proceed finely until the Arabs revolt, and town and machinery are fired and blown up. This thoroughly French book is full of points that are scientific, witty, amusing, and informing. Its cover is gorgeous, and a description, in one word, of the contents requires us to use the same adjective. It is in the vein of Jules Verne, but has a little more regard for possibilities within the range of contemporaneous science. (\$2.50. Philadelphia: Gebbie & Co.)

"Children's Stories in English Literature"

EVERY effort to create in our youth a taste for good reading should be encouraged. There is nothing more pernicious than the poisonous literature which is flooding the country. Many of the events of history are thrilling, and its records may be made fascinating. The riches of classical literature should be more fully opened up to youth. With these objects in view Miss Henrietta Wright has prepared this book, the fourth in her series of 'Children's Stories.' There are fifteen chapters, giving sketches of some of the leading characters in English history and literature, together with a summary of their principal works, from the settlement of England to the time just before the appearance of Shakespeare. The chapters on 'King Alfred,' 'The Romance of King Arthur,' 'Robin Hood,' 'Chaucer,' 'Spenser and the Faery Queen,' and 'Sir Philip Sidney' are especially interesting. The first chapter seems foreign to the subject. The poems and songs described do not belong to English literature. Taliesin and Llywarch Hen should not be classed with English writers. According to Stopford Brooke and other distinguished critics, English literature begins about the year 670. Indeed, Miss Wright herself asserts, on page 31, that 'Beowulf' is the oldest poem in the English language. We are not criticising the manner in which the first chapter makes us acquainted with the early British songs, nor the subject-matter, for both are interesting and instructive. The author gives 1328 as the year in which Chaucer was born, whereas there is much doubt as to the exact date of his birth, 1340 being more generally agreed upon. The book seems admirably adapted for young people from twelve to eighteen years of age. To such it is commended for the

charming way in which it introduces the reader to the leading characters and masterpieces of English history and literature. (\$1.25. Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

"The Battle-Fields of '61"

HANDSOMELY arrayed in uniform of blue and gold, with a broad band of figured white across its breast, like the sash of 'the officer of the day' in the war-camps, as we remember him, comes Willis J. Abbott's portly and spirited book entitled 'The Battle-Fields of '61.' On broad white pages and in good type he tells his story, while the artist judiciously and liberally illustrates it with twenty-eight full-page pictures and abundance of appropriate vignettes, maps and plans. Mr. Abbott knows how to write for boys: his style is lively, vigorous and stimulating, with few or no dull spaces. He has a passion for fact and detail, and has read abundantly the newspapers and minor notes on both sides, as well as the official reports. His pages teem with picturesque incidents, and his picture of each event is a capital presentation of the main point, with background so well finished that every line of the narrative is of interest. In Mr. Abbott's eye, the War divides itself into the three periods of Confederate defence, aggression and defeat; or the Bull Run and Peninsular campaign, the middle period of varying successes, and the victorious leadership of Grant. In his survey he attempts to be perfectly fair to both sides, and show how nearly the two mighty armies were matched in bravery. It is surprising to find how freshly some of the old battles and episodes are treated, and we confess to having read even the old story of Sumter with delight. So also the narratives of McClellan's and Farragut's, and Grant's and Stonewall Jackson's prowess and movements bristle with new points which only a skilful story-teller could array in their proper place. In this book Mr. Abbott has outdone his own record, for it is his best. (\$3.50. Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Minor Notices of Books for the Young

IN 'DORYMATES' Kirk Munroe tells the story of a waif picked up by Capt. McCloud, of the Sea Robin, from the wreckage of a burned vessel. At fifteen, Breeze McCloud, as he was called, was able to row a dory, to swim, and to haul a seine with any old salt, and he makes his first trip to 'the Banks' on board the Curlew, Capt. Coffin. Here he saves another youngster, Wolfe Brady, and the two become dory-mates and have a great many adventures apart and in common. They get kidnapped and taken off for a trip to the Grand Bank, are surprised by a whale while out in their dory, are caught in floating ice, lost in a fog, have a time with a devil-fish, explore the Iceland coast, and bring up at last at Queens-town, where Breeze discovers through the contents of a gold ball that was slung around his neck when found, that he is heir to an earldom. There are very good illustrations by Smedley. (\$1. Harper & Bros.)—MISS MOLLY ROWE is 'Little Miss Weezy's Sister,' and is like to become a favorite with all who read about her. In Mr. Penn Shirley's new book she befriends the little old-womanly Jerusha Runnel from Shy Corners, learns at school to cook all sorts of nice things to eat, and in the country, when Mrs. Filura, the cook, scalds her arm, she displays her knowledge and ability in a most gratifying manner. There are pen-and-ink illustrations. (75 cts. Lee & Shepard.)

THERE IS PERHAPS hardly a boy who since Stanley's first expedition has not taken a lively interest in Central Africa. In 'Kibboo Ganey: or, The Lost Chief of the Copper Mountain,' the author, W. Wentworth, takes us to a mysterious region on the shores of Lake Tchad, and makes us partners in the adventures of his two boy-travellers, of Col. Leslie, the explorer, and of Nap, their Negro servant, who turns out to be the 'lost chief' of the Ningaras, and a mighty power in the land. On the way, the boys get captured by Tuarecks, and escape upon ostriches. They embark on the lake on a floating island, land at the foot of the Copper Mountains, and restore Nap, or 'Kibboo Ganey,' to his dominion. There are a few clever pen-and-ink illustrations. (\$1.25. Roberts Bros.)—COOPER'S 'LEATHER-STOCKING TALES' ('The Deerslayer,' 'The Pathfinder,' 'The Last of the Mohicans,' 'The Prairie,' and 'The Pioneers'), slightly abridged so as to get all five into one volume, are published, with illustrations, as a holiday book for boys. There are many spirited but badly printed vignettes in the text. The full-page colored designs could hardly be much worse than they are. Happily they are few in number, and will not much interfere with the enjoyment of the young readers for whom the book is intended. (\$3. Geo. Routledge & Sons.)

IN THE COURSE of a pretty story, 'In Search of a Son,' 'Uncle Lawrence,' as the author calls himself, introduces us to some elementary notions of chemistry and physics, aided by a number of

neat French wood-cuts. We read first of Monsieur Dalize and his daughter, Miette, and his friend, M. La Morlière, who has lost his boy in escaping from a burning vessel. Then we have some experiments, for M. La Morlière is a chemist. Then new characters are introduced, and more experiments with falling smoke and water-hammers. M. La Morlière lectures on respiration and the lungs, and recognizes Paul Solange as his son; and his paternity and the necessity of oxygen to support combustion are demonstrated almost simultaneously by means of a conflagration of the laboratory. (\$1.50. J. B. Lippincott Co.)—HOW 'THE RECTORY CHILDREN' Rosalys, Biddie, and Rough, with their dog Smuttie, made friends with Celestina Fairchild of the stationer's shop at Seacove, and how well that friendship stood the wear and tear of time, Mrs. Molesworth tells in a little red-covered volume, ornamented with pictures by Walter Crane of Miss Bridget looking through the window between parlor and shop, or opening her eyes on the glories of a new doll's-house, and a frontispiece, and a title-page with Smuttie barking at the setting sun. (\$1.25. Macmillan & Co.)

MRS. LILY F. WESSELHOEFT follows worthily in the footsteps of Æsop, Lafontaine and Uncle Remus, and even adds new charms to the animal story, in her 'Flipwing, the Spy.' Flipwing is a bat and purveyor of recondite information about the plottings of tramps and of foxes to the other animals, by means of which Ned, the donkey, Mop, the terrier, and the rest, get the old fox trapped in a smoke-house, and the burglarious tramps lodged in prison. Each animal takes a special and appropriate dialect when addressing the others, but in presence of man, boy, or girl, they are all 'dumb creatures.' There are pretty head-pieces and tail-pieces. (\$1.25. Roberts Bros.)—ELIZABETH GLOVER'S 'The Children's Wing' is a sort of tract for the times done up in white and gold, in which Mrs. Fits and Rosalie talk over the social and maternal duties of mothers, and the former decides that the social ones should give way, and that in a properly planned American house there should be no 'Children's Wing' apart from the rest. (30 cts. T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

'THE GIRLS' OUTDOOR BOOK' is a cyclopædia of information about outdoor amusements and occupations for girls, containing much that is useful concerning tennis, riding, rowing, swimming, tobogganing, skating, the tricycle, about holiday-making, walking-tours, marketing, gardening, photography, and open-air singing. There are also chapters on birds, wild flowers and ferns, etc.; but having been written for the latitude and longitude of England, they are of less use here than they would be if prepared by an American. It is illustrated with cheap but effective woodcuts. (\$1.75. J. B. Lippincott Co.)—THERE IS A dreadful confusion of 'Kings' Daughters,' anarchists, purple and dirty linen in 'Witch Winnie,' by Elizabeth W. Champney. Yet, with a good deal of posing and poetizing, there are some indications of a serious and sensible purpose in the book. Such places as Ricket's court, with its baby-farming establishment and its grasping landlord, are far more numerous than they should be, and any sort of palliation, however inadequate, is better than none. 'Witch Winnie' and her friends cannot accomplish much; but the weakest effort is better than no effort at all. (\$1.50. White & Allen.)

'THEIR CANOE TRIP,' by Mary P. Wells Smith, narrates the summer pleasuring of two enterprising lads from Roxbury, Massachusetts, who, in a canoe called 'Black-Eyed Susan,' embark upon the tortuous and altogether deceiving Piscataquog river in New Hampshire, and, through many obstacles, make their way to the kindlier waters of the Merrimac, and thence homeward. It is a pleasant and wholesome atmosphere that surrounds this little book, and no mother could go astray in putting it between the hands of her boys, from the age of thirteen up to the age—whatever that may be—when 'juveniles' are sternly set aside. (\$1.25. Roberts Bros.)—A PLEASANT-TEMPERED and a graceful story for young girls is Mrs. Richards' 'Queen Hildegard,' wherein the heroine, bred up to the luxury of modern New York; living in a bower of blue and white, with the backs of her ivory brushes painted with forget-me-nots, toiling not, nor spinning, but consuming many caramels, is forcibly extracted from her nest of down by a sensible mother, and sent away to make acquaintance with two very wholesome comrades, Dame Nature and Dame Hartley, the latter her mother's whilom nurse. How Hilda learns to respect, and finally to love and honor, the humble folk who surround her place of banishment, during her mother's long absence in California, is quite charmingly told in this modest chronicle of maidenhood. (\$1.25. Estes & Lauriat.)

'THE KINGDOM OF COINS,' by J. B. Gilman, with illustrations by F. T. Merrill, is an ingenious little fairy-allegory designed to illustrate popular sayings and proverbs about money, such as 'All that glitters is not gold,' 'Penny wise, pound foolish,' 'A penny saved is a penny earned,' and the like. It is a proverb-story, and might be imitated to advantage by many a Christmas 'fictionist' at his wit's end for a theme. Little Tommy drops asleep on the doorsill, and is presently introduced to King Midas, who 'personally conducts' him through the wonderland of coins, shows him how they are made, how the wise and foolish proverbs about money originated, and so on. Each fable of Æsop might be individually taken in the same way, and charmingly amplified and illustrated for the delight of the little ones. In fact, the ancient myths and fable-books abound in material of the sort, while a single chapter of the Proverbs of Solomon would afford exhaustless pegs on which to hang pictures and piquancies. (60 cts. Roberts Bros.)

'LIL,' by the author of 'Pen,' is an altruistic little body who has the happiness of others so much on her mind that she comes down to breakfast with dark rings round her eyes and loses all interest in the fate of Alcestis, until she succeeds in bridging the gulf that has opened between her friends Ken and Sylvia, and experiences the beatitude that ought to have been promised to the match-maker. (\$1. Roberts Bros.)—THE 'THREE LITTLE MAIDS' of Mary Bathurst Deane are almost as entertaining as the Japanese three of Gilbert & Sullivan. These are English; their favorite promenade is on the top of their garden wall, whence they fish up their neighbor's copy of 'The Lord of the Isles' from his garden seat. Ida, especially, gets into all sorts of scrapes with raspberry stains, mud, and hornpipe-dancing. The three tattoo themselves for Indians, and go buffalo hunting with farmer Mullins's sheep for buffaloes, and shock Mrs. Hooper every good chance they get. Illustrated with phototypes. (\$1.50. D. Lothrop Co.)

The Home of Charlotte Brontë

ON Monday, the 30th of September last—a solemn, still autumnal day, with red and yellow foliage tinting the landscape on every side, and with pale, shadowy vapors wreathing every rocky hill-top—I beheld for the first time a certain barren Yorkshire moor, familiar to the mind's eye of every lover of 'Jane Eyre,' 'Shirley,' or 'Villette.' At last I was at Haworth—bleak, rude, grim Haworth; Haworth within whose rough-hewn boundaries was lived out that strange, isolated family life, so monotonous and uneventful outwardly, so charged with passion and intensity within, which has made the hitherto unknown little village among the hills famous for evermore.

Much as railway penetration has done to open up the moorland regions of the north of England, it has effected here but little change. Upon leaving the platform of a small, primitive station, we mounted the steep and narrow little street—(it might have been the original of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Hill called Straight)—and steeper and steeper it rose in front of us at ever step; while down its centre there presently poured, with a clatter, clatter, clatter of wooden clogs, the village lads and lasses just let loose from school, each lusty urchin clad in such a suit of brown corduroys as must have set at nought the rudest blasts of winter, to say nothing of rugged walls and gnarled branches. (N.B.—Shall I confess that straightway I bought in the open street a suit for my own little climber, and wearer, and tearer; and that only the vision of parquet floors and Persian rugs prevented a pair of the sturdy, brass-bound clogs being added to the purchase?)

'Could anybody show us the way to Mr. Brown's?' was our first inquiry, Mr. Brown being the nephew of that Martha Brown who, it may be remembered, was the 'new girl' who succeeded Tabby, when Tabby's days at Haworth parsonage were numbered. A mite of four was told off to trot in front of the ladies to the neat little stationer's shop, within which stood Martha Brown's nephew, only too glad to lead the way up his little back staircase to the room wherein was laid out all he had to show pertaining to the revered family, in whose service his old relation had lived the best part of her life.

And now I must just remark that it is a mistake to suppose that the memory of the Brontës is dying out in the place which once knew them so well. Every old villager we spoke to—and these were not a few—had something to say, and usually some reminiscence to offer on the subject. The names of 'Charlotte,' 'Emily,' and 'Branwell' dropped easily and familiarly from their lips; and yet there was nothing impertinent, nothing the least disrespectful, in the sound: it merely seemed as if these simple folks cherished a hallowed remembrance, with which any of the ordinary forms of speech would have been incompatible.

One nice little matron, with a chastened, subdued demeanor, and

a face that plainly told life had been to her no child's play, had perhaps more to tell than all the rest about the Brontës. She had seen 'Mrs. Nicholls' pass into the church in her bridal attire on the wedding morn—very plain, but Charlotte always was very plain in her dress; and again had seen her re-enter the same churchyard gates but a few brief months later, when carried to her grave. 'She was never very intimate, never at all *free-spoken* with the Haworth people.' 'Oh, they liked her; nobody had ever a word against her; but it was understood that she, and indeed all the family, liked best to be let alone. Charlotte would come and go. She was a very quick walker, and she would turn the corner of the parsonage lane and be down the street all in a moment; and then she would drop into the shop'—(we were sitting in 'the shop' as we listened)—'order what she wanted, and be off home again at once, without a word more than was needed. My father,' continued the narrator, 'had always himself to take the cloth, or whatever it was that had been ordered, up to the parsonage, when his work was done; and he had to measure it there, and cut off the length required. No, none of them would ever have it measured and cut off in the shop; it had to be taken up in the piece to the house, and cut there. The Brontës had ways of their own, and that was one of them. They were strange people, but very much beloved. Mr. Brontë was a fine old gentleman' (with a sudden little glow of warmth), 'a *very fine* old gentleman' (most emphatically); and the speaker had heard that there were some who had written about Charlotte, and made up books about her, 'who had not spoken quite true about Mr. Brontë.' All she could say was that 'there was no one in Haworth now living who had not a good word for the old gentleman, and to see him and Mr. Nicholls together after they were left alone, and poor Mr. Brontë so helpless and blind, was just a beautiful sight—that it was.' She would have discoursed till midnight, but time pressed.

We had to move on, and to hearken to others. In one quarter the pervading feeling was indignation that so much had been done, as well as left undone, in order to efface the memory of the family in the place. 'There was a memorial promised,' we were assured. 'It was promised when the new church was built, and it was said right out in a sermon, too; but we have never heard one word more on the subject from that day to this.' My somewhat trite rejoinder that Charlotte Brontë's best memorial would be in their hearts and ours did not give full satisfaction; nor, to be sure, did I feel any in uttering it. Her *best* it might be, her *only* one it ought not to be.

To return, however, to Martha Brown's collection. It was patetically poor and scanty, I am afraid I must confess; though I trust her very obliging and intelligent nephew, its present possessor, will never know I have said so. Marvellously little of this world's goods had those poor Brontës, and of course the better portion of these—such as they were—were not here. Their oak cradle I had seen in another part of Yorkshire that very morning, and Charlotte's doll's tea-set I treasure among my own valuables.* A few gold hair-rings of enormous size, such as could only have been worn by the venerable patriarch on his forefinger, a fob-seal, and some Paisley shawls—none of which could with any certainty be traced as the property of any one nearer than an *aunt*—had also been shown me in the little nook where the cradle was installed. All of these had been sold, on the passing of Haworth living into other hands. They had not been bequeathed either to friends or relatives. Martha Brown, however, had been given the relics, which were now shown us; they were laid out in a small glass-case, and consisted of a green purse of netted silk, a thimble-case of enamelled copper, and a few more such odds and ends. There were also some shawls (presumably belonging to the aforementioned aunt, for I am positive Charlotte never draped herself in anything so gorgeous), and a number of elementary pencil-drawings of eyes, noses, and other interesting features, such as might be supposed to have been labored through by reluctant and unskilful schoolgirl fingers. As far as I can judge, none of the Brontës had the slightest real talent for drawing. The oil-painting of the spaniel, which has the place of honour over the mantelpiece in Mr. Brown's little upper chamber, is simply ludicrous from its badness.

One or two really interesting objects were, however, lying on the centre-table. These were Charlotte's own time-worn copies of the *Quarterly* for December, 1848, and other periodicals of a like date, in which were inserted those miserable criticisms which were meant to crush the author of 'Jane Eyre.' How often, we reflected, had her brow been bent over those cruel pages? We know they made her heart bleed, and that for a moment she fancied she read in them her doom. Strangely, strangely do they read now.

But perhaps I have undervalued the relics which Mr. Brown offered recently to the museum at Keighley, and for which the custodians would not pay the price required. Keighley—pronounced

* It is of old Leeds ware, ornamented by little pictures of the principal features of the surrounding country.

Keathley—is only a short distance from Haworth, and it has been thought that the good folks there would jump at the offer. They did not, as we know; and somehow I agreed with them, though my reason for so doing sprang from a cause they little guessed. Briefly, the friend who accompanied me to Haworth has in her own possession treasures far more precious and interesting than any Martha Brown had to bequeath, and these were given her by the original of 'Rochester' and 'Paul Emmanuel' himself. 'Paul Emmanuel' is still alive, and but recently delivered up, among other curiosities, a number of essays composed both by Charlotte and Emily Brontë while under his charge at Brussels, and corrected and emended by him as their master. These essays are upon no account to get into print, and it is easy to discern why. Although Charlotte's letters to her preceptor are, it is feared, by this time destroyed, no letter could breathe more transparently and more unconsciously the emotions by which that proud yet tender spirit was torn in twain than does one of the short papers which I saw the other day at Ilkley. The elaborate epistle in which Monsieur Héger detailed his reasons for turning a deaf ear to all petitions on the subject was not required by me, after one brief perusal of the little essay. The refusal breathes a high and chivalrous tone, and with the motive one can find no fault; but, apart from publicity, it is sad to think that neither letters nor essays were treasured for their own sakes by the Brussels schoolmaster. It almost makes one's blood boil to think of that warm, imaginative, hungry and thirsty girlish heart, beating against its bars, underrated and misunderstood by the sprightly, amiable, but withal undiscerning and self-opinionated man who was its ideal.

Holding the faded manuscripts in my hand, a tremor thrilled through my veins. How, when, and with what feelings had they been written? The penmanship is daintily fine, small, and clear. They are in French, of course, and are finished off with feminine neatness and precision; the exquisite signature 'C. Brontë' being traced with the utmost delicacy in the upper left-hand corner, instead of being appended to the final words. They are full of subtle touches, and deep, impassioned utterances. It must be added that the subjects handled were such as admitted of these; and on such subjects could the author of 'Villette' be bald or cold?

But Monsieur Héger, calmly correcting and emending, understood nothing—still understands nothing of what lay beneath the surface. Even now, even after a lapse of over forty years, when the fame of Charlotte Brontë has echoed to the very ends of the earth, the two who should have been so proud of her, should have deemed themselves so much exalted by her, are simply at a loss to account for such an extraordinary and inexplicable state of affairs. The venerable pair—for both the late master and mistress of the celebrated school are living—have now retired to 'dwell among their own people'; they live in a small world of their own, tenderly cherished by sons and daughters, who are themselves grandfathers and grandmothers, several of whom have, moreover, achieved distinction in various walks in life. No aged parents are more devotedly revered, or more dutifully waited upon, than they; and but for his little 'kink'—if I may use an old Scotch word—about Charlotte Brontë, I should say that, in talent, sense, and acumen, they seldom meet their equals. But regarding 'Jane Eyre' and its sister products, Monsieur and Madame Héger purse their lips. They do not care to talk about them, nor their author. She was, in their eyes, only a shy, impulsive, affectionate, but somewhat over-sensitive and impressionable, young nursery governess, who learned nearly everything she knew while under their charge, and who should not have gone home and written tales about her good friends at Brussels.

Much better, infinitely better, would it have been if Charlotte had pursued her vocation as a teacher of youth—that vocation for which she came to them to be perfected—than have so misused her time and talents. As for recalling any little traits of character, any little sayings or doings, any grave or gay idiosyncrasies—why Charlotte Brontë was only a pupil among pupils, and, moreover, a pupil too reserved, too undemonstrative, too morbidly ungenial to have been either attractive as a child or charming as a woman.

I have seen the portraits of Monsieur and Madame Héger. They represent two such faces as one seldom sees; but of the two I prefer that of the wife. It is that of a calm, judicial, restful nature, capable of infinite patience and of strong endurance; but it is easy to conceive that with just such a nature Charlotte Brontë had nothing in common. In consequence, but scant justice is done to 'Madame Beck' at her hands. Doubtless each mistook the other; and while Madame wondered and sighed over the petulant outbursts of the incomprehensible English girl, Madame's own quieter, more gentle spirit, her toleration, forbearance, self-control and outward imperturbability, would in its turn be almost intolerable to one of Charlotte's temperament.

But Monsieur H  ger is a figure of more general interest, therefore one word more regarding him. He is a bright, vain, handsome octogenarian, charming and delighting to charm, eager to talk, and as eager for an audience, as exacting of homage and subservience as in the days when schoolgirls trembled at his glance. Imagine him fifty years ago, and you can hardly go wrong in imagining a very fascinating personage; then recollect that fifty years ago or thereabouts the little Yorkshire nursery-governess took her first flight to Brussels, and there beheld 'Paul Emmanuel'—*et voil   tout!*

Haworth Church has been so much altered and 'improved' under the auspices of its present vicar, that nearly every vestige of interest or romance has been 'improved' off the face of it. An ordinary marble slab in the wall records that the different members of the Bront   family repose in a vault at the other end of the building, and over the vault itself a small brass plate has the names of Charlotte and Emily Bront   engraved upon its face.

We had thought this had been all, when the deaf old sexton, who had been in vain endeavoring to elicit our admiration for a reredos presented by the vicar's wife (which, to my mind, made but poor amends for all her husband had swept away)—when the old fellow suddenly exclaimed, 'Well, there's the window!'

'The window? What window?'

Without waste of words, he jogged down a side aisle, and called a halt in front of a very handsome, small, stained-glass window, bearing this inscription:—'In pleasant memory of Charlotte Bront  , put up by—whom do you think? *An American citizen!*' There was no name, no indication given whereby the plain 'American citizen' might be identified; and it has actually been left to this unknown, noble-minded denizen of another country to erect the only spontaneous memorial which has so far been granted to the memory of one of England's greatest female novelists!

Haworth Churchyard is full of grey, weather-beaten tablets, above which the storm-tossed alders sigh, and amongst which the leaves were dropping as we stood. Behind lies the open moor, not purple and heathery, but covered with short-cropped, starved-looking grass, occasionally intersected by the stone walls of the district. The nearest of these enclosures, lying at the back of the church and parsonage, would doubtless be the playground of the poor little motherless Bront  s when first that sombre parsonage became their home. Through it, when older grown, they would ramble forth on solitary walks and thoughts intent. (Emily, we know, was an especial lover of such expeditions, and this field-path would be her only outlet.) Roads are few in the vicinity, and her only alternative would be that which traverses the main street of the village. We can hardly picture her making it her choice.

Leaving the little field, we passed the parsonage, whose rows of brand-new windows offered but little association with Tabby and her crew, and, without attempting to invade a quarter in which we had been assured we should meet with but little sympathy, we stood once more at the church gates, where also faced us, at a right angle, the open doorway of the Black Bull Inn.

The Black Bull Inn is still Bront   to the core. A kindly welcome was there for us, and true Yorkshire hospitality, more especially when the honoured name became our passport. Would we have our luncheon in Branwell Bront  's little back parlor? It would be ready in a few minutes, and meantime—and meantime? We were only too glad to hearken to anything and everything the good soul who preceded us had to tell. So this was poor young Bront  's favorite resort?

'That was his chair,' she said simply, and pointed to a tall, old Chippendale arm-chair, with a quaintly-carved 'fiddle' back, and square seat, set edgewise. 'That was his chair, and in that corner it always stood. You see it is a nice corner, between the fireplace and the window; and there he used to sit, and sit'—(alas, poor Branwell!)—'and when he had been sitting longer than maybe he should ha' been, Charlotte would be heard out at the door there' (pointing along the dark, stone passage to the front entrance), 'asking after him, an' if he were in the parlor? And he would hear her voice, and he would up wi' this window, and be out of it like a flash of lightning.' (It was a broad, low casement, opening upon an inn yard, whose jutting stone walls were well fitted for concealment.) 'So that when Charlotte came in to look for him,' continued our narrator, 'she would see nowt, d'ye see? And our folks they would know nowt, i' course. But Branwell, he were round the corner, down i' the yard yonder; and as soon as she were gone, he jumps through the window again—you can open it easily from the outside—an' back to his chair, an' she never the wiser. It would be dark too, maybe.'

As the quiet words fell upon our ears the bygone scene stole upon our vision.

We could hear the roar of the wind, and the sharp snap of the hailstones on the panes, as the winter night set in, coarse and wild, without. We could see the snugness, the warmth, the comfort within.

Thus, the temptation.

Then, the loving, anxious voice upon its quest.

Then, the stratagem.

Far, far too near to the bare, unkindly walls of the poor parsonage had been that seductive doorway. It had never been out of reach, not even on the rudest night. It had never been out of the hapless boy's path.

And the low-roofed, well-built, cosy dwelling had never been dull nor desolate, never aught but tempting and alluring. Instinctively his steps had turned its way. But for it the world of mind might have been the richer.

As we gazed, a silence fell upon the little room. It had been the haunt of genius, even though—sorrowful thought!—genius had passed that way to ruin.

What had Haworth to show after this?

L. B. WALFORD.

Boston Letter

I HEAR that one of the most distinguished of American sculptors is now giving the finishing touches to his autobiography, upon which he has long been engaged, and as he has been eminently successful in his profession, and has been brought into relations with many notable people both at home and abroad, his book can hardly fail to be both interesting and instructive. It seems, to me desirable that the life of such a man should be written by himself, because the personal element which gives attractiveness to biography is best brought out in this form. The tone and color of his experiences will be preserved, and the thoughts and emotions connected with his art-work will be expressed with a knowledge and feeling which another person would be unable to impart. The anecdotes which give such value to biography have an especial charm when they are narrated by the individual whose career they illustrate, and particularly if he is an artist whose associations cover a wide range of character and distinction.

When I add that the sculptor thus referred to as taking his own life in this pleasant literary fashion, is Thomas Ball, enough has been said to indicate the interest and value of his book. His long life, covering seventy years, has been full of incident, and as an artist he has ranged over fields of work which show the remarkable versatility of his talent. In early life he was a member of the Handel and Haydn Society and a singer of basso parts in oratorios, and was connected with the choir of St. Paul's Church here in Boston. He was afterwards a portrait-painter of ability, and an excellent example of his skill in this department of art is the life-like portrait of the late William H. Smith, the noted actor, which is in the gallery of the Boston Museum. Another admirable portrait of his represents one of the noted women whose careers are sketched in the 'Memorial History of Boston.' This is Mrs. Cornelia Wells Richards, who was then Miss Walter, and who on the death of her brother, the first editor of the *Transcript* of this city, assumed entire editorial charge of the paper, which she conducted with marked ability and success till her marriage. This, says Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, the author of the article referred to, is believed to be the first instance of the successful conduct of a daily journal by a woman. I may add that Mrs. Richards is still prominent in literary and social circles in this city.

It will be interesting to learn from his autobiography what led Mr. Ball to give up his position as a successful portrait-painter for the less promising profession of sculpture, but the result has shown the wisdom of his choice. Portraiture has remained his favored field, and in delineating notable public men he has been especially distinguished. Webster, Clay, Choate and Everett are examples of his success in this direction. Boston has a number of his statues in its public places—John A. Andrew at the State House, Josiah Quincy in front of the City Hall, Sumner and the equestrian Washington in the Public Garden. The latter work is one of Mr. Ball's finest achievements, although I believe a superiority is claimed for his Webster in the New York Central Park. It is worthy of note that his first efforts in modelling, which were made as far back as 1852, were a miniature bust and a life-size statue of the 'godlike Daniel.' His ideal works 'Truth,' 'Pandora,' and the 'Shipwrecked Sailor Boy' were executed during his studies in Europe not long afterward.

Mr. Ball celebrated his seventieth birthday on his visit to Boston last summer. He is now at his beautiful villa at Florence, enjoying the sunset of life in the pursuit of his chosen art in the country which has been his home for nearly forty years, with the satisfactions which come from fame and fortune, and a delightful domestic

life. His autobiography will have a good deal of literary as well as artistic interest, and will reflect the liberality of thought and the genial spirit that are characteristic of the man.

The Arena, the new Boston monthly magazine, edited by B. O. Flower, makes a good showing in its treatment of timely social and ethical questions, and by its serious aims challenges the attention of thoughtful readers. It is a reverent radicalism which inspires the Rev. Minot J. Savage's article on 'Agencies that are Working a Revolution in Theology.' The causes of the changes to which he refers are said to be the science of historical and literary criticism, new knowledge as to the age of the earth coupled with the antiquity, origin, and nature of man, the growth of the moral nature of man, and the progress of spiritualism. In his view religion is not dying in consequence of these changes, but a grander faith in God and a larger trust in man are being evolved from them. W. H. H. Murray's article, 'The Religious Question' is a fervid protest against the system of intellectualism which he thinks has obscured the vital truths of Christianity and prevented them from exercising their legitimate practical influence. 'The Study of History in the Public Schools' is regarded by Rabbi Solomon Schindler as dependent for its usefulness upon the teacher rather than the text-book, and his contention for a broader basis of investigation is ably enforced. Helen Campbell's paper, 'Certain Convictions as to Poverty,' takes the ground that justice is needed even more than charity in dealing with the poor. In Brief Notes on Living Issues, 'Poverty and Crime in our Great Cities' are considered; Nicholas P. Gilman holding that their increase is due to the immense immigration from Europe, while O. B. Frothingham doubts whether there is an increase of poverty. While agreeing with Mr. Gilman that intemperance in a broad sense is a prime cause of poverty, he thinks that this arises in great part from ignorance. The method adopted by the Associated Charities of Boston of enlisting the principles, experience and knowledge of cultivated men and women of society in intercourse with the poor, is urged as a potent remedy for the disease, which is pronounced both moral and intellectual.

Now that Mr. Jefferson has just completed his fortnight's engagement at the Park Theatre, the remark of his cousin and admirer, the late William Warren, which may be new to some readers of *THE CRITIC*, seems worth recalling for its delicate satire upon the liberties taken by the great comedian in the text of Sheridan's 'Rivals,' in his personation of Bob Acres. The almost impossible extravagance of this creation of Jefferson's fancy was of course enacted with wonderful skill, but when a friend praised the assumption to Warren, he said in his inimitable manner: 'Yes, "and Sheridan twenty miles away."'

BOSTON, Nov. 25, 1889.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

The Lounger

CHRIST CHURCH, East Orange, was destroyed by fire last winter and the rector, the Rev. Horace S. Bishop, and his parishioners are raising a fund to replace it with a large building of the early Gothic type, designed by Mr. R. H. Robertson. One of the devices for swelling this fund was a fair, held last week, which 'netted' several thousand dollars, eclipsing by its success anything of the sort previously known in the Oranges. As a rule church fairs do not come within *THE CRITIC'S* scope, but there was a feature of this one that fairly brought it within the limit of things noticeable in a literary journal. This was the sale of several volumes of poetry enriched by the autographs of the authors and embellished by the brush of a painter. One of these was Mr. Lowell's last book, 'Heartsease and Rue'; another was Dr. Holmes's last book, 'Before the Curfew'; still another, Mrs. Deland's 'Old Garden'; and the fourth Mr. Bunner's 'Airs from Arcady.' Throughout the pages of these books, Helena de Kay had scattered with a free hand water-color sketches of flowers, etc., wherever the text afforded a field for illumination. The opportunities for decoration were naturally greatest in 'The Old Garden,' wherein almost every page was adorned with the flower that formed the subject of the verse. Mr. Lowell and Mr. Bunner wrote original stanzas for their books; while Dr. Holmes stopped in the midst of his burdensome correspondence to copy out on a fly-leaf of 'Before the Curfew' the last stanza of 'The Last Leaf,' and, on another page, the last of 'The Chambered Nautilus.'

THE FAME OF Juliana Horatia Ewing, that most delightful of English writers of stories for and about children, has penetrated to Louisville, Kentucky. To be sure, there seems to be a little haziness there as to just what her name is, and what she is famous for; but Rome wasn't built in a day, and these are matters of detail that can wait to be attended to. To the correspondent of *The New York Times*, who sent a despatch from the metropolis of Kentucky on the

22d inst., 'Johanna Horatio Ewing' is evidently a living playwright. He telegraphs as follows:

Mrs. Russell, the mother of Tommy Russell, the precocious little fellow whose interpretation of the rôle of 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' has won him fame, said to-night:—'Tommy will not be with the Fauntleroy Company after the present season. He will star next season with his own company in a juvenile play, "Jan of the Windmill," written expressly for him by Mrs. Johanna Horatio Ewing, the well-known English playwright. The play will be put on in New York at the end of this season, and after the New York engagement will be produced in the principal American cities, Louisville among them.'

I DON'T KNOW just how long little Tommy Russell has been on the stage, but I do know that 'Jan of the Windmill: A Story of the Plains' was written at least eleven years ago, and probably longer; and that Mrs. Ewing's much-lamented death occurred on May 13, 1885. So the impression conveyed by the above dispatch is as misleading as a weather prophecy from Canada.

'BARTHOLDI will execute the statue of Gambetta to be erected at Ville d'Avray,' observes *The Commercial Advertiser*; 'but whether he will execute it by electricity or the guillotine, the despatches do not say.' There are some statues in New York that I should like to see 'executed' by either of these agencies. The Scott in Central Park, for instance, would be all the better for a stroke of lightning; so, too, would the Bolivar our Bolivian friends so graciously presented us with some years ago. The explosion of a pound of dynamite to improve the bronze William E. Dodge off the face of the earth would awaken a sympathetic echo in every artistic soul; and if the Central Park Burns were to be blindfolded and shot, I don't think the militia would be called upon to suppress a riot in 'art circles.' There are other statues of like quality with these that ought to be 'executed' before the World's Fair crowds our public places with sightseers from abroad.

WRITES a friend in Philadelphia:—'Father, Mother, Uncle S., et al., called the other day at Mr. Childs's office, in the *Ledger* building. They were presented with the usual gift of tea-cups and saucers. The following is the result of the call, as far as Father is concerned: he has just confided it to me. "Quand M. Georges Childs deviendra-t-il prestidigitateur?" "Quand il nous donnera le *Ledger*-demain."

THE VOICE of the people is the voice of God to any one who has anything to sell that the public wants to read. Hawthorne and Thackeray were averse to posthumous notoriety. They were willing that their fame should be kept alive by their works, but unwilling that their everyday sayings and doings should be chronicled and chattered about, the color of their eyes made a subject of controversy, their taste in wines and walking-sticks set down as matter of curious interest to posterity. To a certain extent their wishes have been regarded, yet ever and anon a book appears in which more and more of this sort of gossip is given to the world.

THACKERAY is the latest sufferer in this respect. Some thirty years ago he employed as private secretary a certain S. Langley, who, it now appears, kept a diary in 1860, which is about to be sold. Mr. Langley had a pleasant habit of jotting down, from day to day, notes of the golden utterances that fell from his master's lips. Thackeray, of course, had no suspicion of what was going on. 'His opinions on all sorts and conditions of men and events are in the chronicle, and his personal peculiarities have also been noted. Besides the diary, there is also a large quantity of MSS. in Mr. Langley's hand, including his data and remembrances of his master that at one time he intended to publish as "Recollections of Mr. William Makepeace Thackeray." A letter to a boy about Pendennis, sent from Onslow Square on July 10, 1858, runs as follows:

Dear Sir: I think you have caught Mr. Pendennis in a scrape from which there is no escaping—unless indeed we suppose that a large passing cloud obscured the moon at the very moment when that little transaction between Pen and Fanny may have occurred. But did it? I assure you I am on that subject quite in the dark, and your very faithful servant, W. M. Thackeray.

THERE is also that private birthday circular of *The Cornhill Magazine*, now very rare, which was sent out on Nov. 1, 1859:—'Dear —: Our storehouse being in Cornhill, we date and name our magazine from its place of publication. We might have assumed a title much more startling—for example, "The Thames on Fire." Other items in the collection consist of the proof-sheets of 'Round-about Papers' with corrections, and those of 'The Fox and the Cat, an Irish Fable,' covered with corrections and alterations in Thackeray's own hand, the end being entirely re-

written. There are other manuscripts besides these. If you don't want to have your scrap-basket ransacked when you die, don't print that book that is to make you famous to-morrow!

THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY Association is fortunate in holding its building-site in fee simple. The end of the triangle on which Clinton Hall stands is one of the few bits of property in that part of New York that is not owned by the Sailors' Snug Harbor of Staten Island. The Clinton Hall Association (which is, practically, but another name for the Library Association) bought the Astor Place Opera House in 1850, only a year after the famous riots. It is not probable that they paid as much for it as it would bring if offered for sale to-day, but they paid a good price for those days, and spent the goodly sum of \$117,000 in fitting it up for library purposes. The ceiling of what is now the main library, which was originally the reading-room, was a very costly affair, and was the great decorative feature of the building. People came from far and near to see it, and to this day the plasterer who made it points to it with pride and brings his professional brethren to admire his handiwork. It is elaborate, I will admit, but I do not believe that it will be repeated in the new library building.

The Salmagundi is the name of a monthly magazine published by the young ladies of the Philadelphia Seminary, one of the educational institutions of the Quaker City. A friend in Boston sends me a clipping from the current number, in which the following extract is printed from a letter written by 'one of our girls' in London:

Saturday we spent four hours in Westminster Abbey. We had a sacred hour in the 'Poet's Corner.' We found Longfellow's bust decorated with fresh flowers, left by some tender-hearted American. I took the rose from my belt and placed it upon the bust. Soon after I found my little sister walking up to place something yellow among the folds in the marble, and on questioning her she said, 'Why, I had nothing else, so I bit off a lock of my hair to leave here.' It was a sweet, unconscious act, and touched me greatly.

SOME TIME AGO there appeared in the columns of a New York daily journal an extended notice of a book written by one of the group of unfortunate women who are trying to earn their bread and gratify their vanity by exposing their follies in the market-place. The review was hardly flattering to the book or to the author, and yet it was the sort of notice that the publisher of such a book would not object to, because it piqued the curiosity of the base; and such, evidently, was its intention. The publisher—who, by the way, seems to be ashamed to give his name—accordingly prints it as an advertisement, and adds: 'Having read the above criticism, almost every one will want to read the book.' I am gratified by the 'almost,' for it shows that this publisher, though he caters to the vicious, does not believe that every one is vile.

MR. EDMUND YATES is not a philatelist. His passionate, dreamy soul is dead to the beauties of the cancelled postage-stamp. The little gummed and colored square that has borne a love-letter from Paraguay to Portugal, or brought from Borneo the news of a Dyak's successful hunt for heads, awakens in his dull breast no thrill either of proprietary pleasure or envious pain. Read this confession in the *London World*:

I was absolutely amazed at the prices in a catalogue of rare stamps which I was looking over the other day. Cabul, complete issue, brings 300*l.*; Mauritius, 1847, 200*l.*; Sandwich Islands, 1852, 200*l.*; British Guiana, 1856, 120*l.*; Natal, first issue, 100*l.*; Cape of Good Hope, 1860, 40*l.* I dare say an indefatigable and not too scrupulous collector may often make a good haul by a lucky find, but who on earth are the idiots who pay such sums for useless old stamps?

The Washington Memorial Arch

THE \$100,000 fund for a Washington memorial marble arch, to be erected in Washington Square from designs by Stanford White, still grows apace. At the close of office hours on Tuesday, Nov. 26, Treasurer Wm. R. Stewart, of 54 William Street, had received in all \$60,864.55. The contributions for the preceding week were as follows:

\$148:—Employees of Collector's Office, New York Custom House.

\$100:—George Kemp. \$50:—John B. Ireland.

\$51.65:—Readers of *The Commercial Advertiser*.

\$25 each:—J. P. Robinson, Jr.; Joanna R. Auchincloss; E. W. Sheldon; W. E. D. Stokes.

\$15.40:—Employees of Rogers, Peet & Co.

\$10 each:—'Cash'; E. A. Hurry; 'Cash' (through *The Sun*). \$2 each: 'W. B. F.'; 'H. D.' \$1 each: Miss A. Davenport; Mrs. Claire Hanal.

In Memory of Wilkie Collins

He wove for us the subtlest plots,
And oft with him our fancy strayed,
Until there seemed a throbbing pulse
In every pen-stroke that he made.
And now his genial heart is still,—
The frost of silence films his pen,
And he has passed with toil-worn feet
To secrets far beyond our ken.
Yet I believe that kindly Death
Reserved for him a welcoming shade,—
It seems so natural for his soul,
To meet a mystery unafraid!

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

The "Inferno" in Public Libraries

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Perhaps the fact that very little has been said in the press about one charge brought against public libraries in *The North American Review* for September, is due to the general feeling among librarians that silent contempt is the best possible treatment of such a charge. The *North American* writer knows that some city libraries, and guesses that some town libraries—but of this I have no certain knowledge,—contain 'a department, technically known by some as "The Inferno," where books of unquestioned and undisguised immorality are kept.' He then goes on to intimate that such collections, where they exist, are used for evil purposes, 'having, probably, in all cases, a very limited circulation; but still, one can be assured, they are not bought to be locked up from every eye,—needing, like low-fever germs, but light and air to break into a moral pestilence.' This can be characterized as an innuendo, and it is one which I am sure all librarians of our public libraries will join me in indignantly repelling.

Now the facts are that the 'Inferno' exists in but a very few of our public libraries; and where it does exist it contains books other than those of 'unquestioned and undisguised immorality,' and they are 'locked up from every eye' except such as may with propriety, for historical, literary, and other laudable uses, behold them. There is as much danger of their 'breaking-out in a moral pestilence' as there is of the inmates of our state prisons breaking out to ravage the community. When I was serving my apprenticeship in the Boston Athenæum more than twenty-five years ago, there was an 'Inferno' there. It was in the back part of the large burglar-and-fire-proof vault where the valuables of the institution were kept. It first came to my knowledge, in my capacity as delivery-clerk; and this was the only occasion when it 'broke-out' during the five years I spent there. At the noon-hour I was apt to be left alone in charge of the library. One day a middle-aged and, as I thought, highly respectable gentleman, known to me as connected with a most reputable family, having chosen his time wisely, came to me and wished me to get for him a certain book which was 'kept in the safe.' It would be all right, of course; I was simply to unlock the safe, and he would show me where the book was. I fell into the trap, did his bidding, and produced the book from the description he gave me of it. It was one volume of a set, the rest of which was harmless, and he had in some way learned that the volume missing from the shelves was locked up in the safe. He did not propose to take the book away, and probably hoped to have me replace it before my chief should come in. But the said chief (now Dr. Poole of the Newberry Library, Chicago) came in a little earlier than usual; and when I told him what had occurred, there was a 'scene.' Stepping quietly to the table where our friend was enjoying his prize, Mr. Poole took the book from before his face, and had it locked up again before the person could get half way to the door in his ignominious flight. I, too, had a few strong hints given me, which I have not forgotten to this day.

Now the fact that, in nearly thirty years' connection with public libraries, this is the only instance I have known where a book which had been wisely sequestered has been got at for the purpose of gratifying a prurient curiosity, may be accepted as pretty good evidence that the *North American* writer has expended his petticoat prudishness on a mere bug-a-boo.

I must notice another of his statements—the fact that libraries are constant and certain purchasers [of immoral books] must be an important factor in leading to their publication—simply to say that it is utterly devoid of truth. I am sure no publisher of such books has found public libraries purchasers to such an extent as to be of a feather's weight 'in leading to their publication.'

W. I. FLETCHER.

AMHERST COLLEGE LIBRARY, Nov. 9, 1889.

Elizabeth Clementine Kinney

MRS. ELIZABETH C. KINNEY, who died on the 19th inst., at her home in Summit, N. J., was a daughter of David L. Dodge of this city, and a sister of the late William E. Dodge. Her father was not only a merchant but a writer of theological books, and through her mother (a daughter of the Rev. Aaron Cleveland, "poet, wit, and divine") she was related to ex-President Cleveland, Bishop Cox, Col. Higginson and the Channings. Born in this city, Dec. 18, 1810, and educated here, she married a Hartford merchant, Edmund B. Stedman, and became the mother of Edmund Clarence Stedman, the poet, and another son, who died in early manhood. After some years of widowhood, she married in 1841 the late William B. Kinney, founder of the Newark, N. J., *Daily Advertiser*, who became Minister to Italy in 1850 and remained abroad for fifteen years. In Florence she was associated with the Brownings, the Trollopes, Charles and Frederick Tennyson, Mrs. Somerville, Hiram Powers, and other persons of note, who frequented her literary receptions in the Casa del Bello. From early youth to vigorous old age she was a prolific writer of verse and prose. From 1840 to 1850 she contributed to *Graham's*, *Sartain's* and *The Knickerbocker*, and afterwards to *Blackwood's*. Notices of her early poetry are contained in Griswold's and Buchanan Read's compilations. While living in Florence, she wrote a metrical romance, 'Felicità' (New York, 1855); also, a series of letters for her husband's paper, on manners, nature and art, in Italy, and several dramas, one of which was 'Bianca Capello' (Hurd & Houghton, 1873). The same firm had brought out, in 1867, a volume of her collected poems. The *Tribune* understands that of late years she has been engaged upon a volume of reminiscences, which may some day be published. It would certainly be a most interesting book. Mrs. Kinney wrote last year a hymn, entitled 'Desires,' which we publish herewith. It was her last, and as such was appropriately included in the funeral services, held on Saturday of last week.

More faith, dear Lord, more faith!
Take all these doubts away;
Oh! let the simple words 'He saith,'
Confirm my faith each day.

More hope, dear Lord, more hope!
To conquer timid fear—
To cheer life's path, as on I grope,
Till Heaven's own light appear.

More love, dear Lord, more love!
Such as on earth was Thine—
All graces, and all gifts above,
Unselfish love be mine.

"The Charity Ball"

'THE CHARITY BALL,' the new four-act play by David Belasco and Henry C. De Mille, with which Mr. Frohman has opened the regular season of the Lyceum Theatre, is entitled to consideration as a native product, and as a study of contemporaneous New York society. The story which it tells, although not remarkable for originality, is put together with considerable ingenuity, contains several extremely effective situations, and is decidedly interesting, although there is never much mystery as to the outcome. The principal figures are two brothers, whose characters are contrasted with more than common skill. One, the elder, the Rev. John Van Buren, is the rector of a fashionable church, a zealous and sincere priest; the other, Dick Van Buren, is a speculator, whose finer instincts have been blunted, and his sense of morality dulled, by the gambling fever of Wall Street. Dick has betrayed Phyllis Lee and deserted her basely in order that he may make a rich marriage, which is necessary to the realization of his financial ambitions. The heiress whom he has selected for his future bride is Ann Cruger, the daughter of his chief rival in the Street, who is deeply in love with his brother, John, although the latter has no suspicion of that fact. When the play opens, the Rector, touched by Phyllis's sorrow, though ignorant of the cause of it, has taken her to his own home, for the sake of her dead father. He learns to love her, and, in the blindness of a lover's selfishness, almost breaks the heart of Ann Cruger by confiding to her the secret of his passion. But Phyllis is unable to endure the shame of her position, and confesses her sin to Ann, in the Metropolitan Opera House, of all places in the world, during the Charity Ball. Ann is disposed at first to take advantage of her rival, but when she hears that Dick Van Buren is the seducer, her better nature is awakened and she offers the unhappy girl the shelter of her own home. Phyllis, however, is determined to put an end to deception and, escaping from Ann, seeks the Rector in his study, in the small hours of the night, and sobs out the story of her frailty, but is prevented from telling the name of her betrayer by Ann, who has followed her, and who

wishes to shield the clergyman from a knowledge of his brother's infamy. He guesses the truth, however, and when Dick returns home upbraids him vigorously for his heartlessness; and finally, by working upon his love for his sister, induces him to marry his victim, and prevents backsliding by performing the ceremony then and there. This scene, which is very cleverly conceived, will ensure the success of the piece. In the end, of course, the Rector marries Ann, who has been his good angel throughout.

This is the bare skeleton of the plot, but there are a number of minor personages and incidents. The weak feature of the piece is the dialogue, which is diffusive, full of platitude, exaggerated sentiment and a cheap order of wit. Nearly one-half of it might be spared without any injury to the structure of the play, and to the great enlivenment of the action. The acting is generally good. Georgia Cayvan, as Ann Cruger, plays with admirable tact, simplicity and feeling, and Nelson Wheatcroft gives a clever sketch of the half-crazy speculator who pays for his triumphs with his life. Mr. Kelcey is an excellent priest, and Mr. Le Moyne's racy humor gives great prominence to the part of a jovial old judge, which would not amount to much in less able hands. Mr. Williams and Effie Shannon were amusing as a pair of conventional young lovers; Mr. Walcott was a breezy Wall Street magnate, and Mrs. Walcott was entirely successful as a female operator in stocks, who makes a matrimonial capture of the Judge. Mrs. Whiffen, too, is very happy in the character of the Rector's blind old mother. Miss Henderson's Phyllis is painfully affected and insincere. The minor characters are all well filled.

The scenery is of the best quality, and the Metropolitan Opera House set is very realistic and solid, although it is absurd to suppose that it could ever have been the scene of the incidents represented in it. Taking it all in all, the performance is highly creditable to Mr. Frohman's management, and, the dialogue doctored judiciously, a popular success for the play may be confidently expected.

The Fine Arts

The Pictures at the Barye Exhibition

THE DELACROIXS at the American Art Galleries overshadow the other works at present there exhibited. One will turn again and again to 'The Entombment,' 'Christ on the Cross,' and 'The Sea of Galilee,' as if there were little else worthy of notice in the exhibition. The first is the richest as to composition and color. One looks from the interior of the burial cave toward the entrance across which lies the dead Christ, the body covered with a winding-sheet. The Virgin supports his head, the Magdalen kneels in front, St. John lifts the sheet from his feet. Other figures stand behind against the blue-gray rocky distance. It is a marvellous color symphony, the whites of the central mass borne up by deep-toned reds and purples in the draperies of the other figures, which, again, contrast with the background, and are harmonized by the warm and dark masses of rock in the foreground. 'The Crucifixion,' in some respects directly inspired by Rembrandt, is in feeling and in color quite distinct from anything that master could conceive. There is nothing of the Teutonic earthiness about it. The sky is overcast. The moon's disk appears of a dingy orange on the right. Some Roman soldiers are almost lost in the shadows. On this gloomy background the figure on the Cross, viewed nearly in profile, appears as if wrought of pearls and rubies. Every one knows nowadays that to paint white, color is needed; yet no one paints flesh or white drapery like this. Of the 'Sea of Galilee' there is a small sketch and a larger, more elaborate composition. The latter shows Delacroix as a great marine painter. It might take many words to show how superior to Turner, for instance, are those hurrying waves, those flapping sails, this ungovernable boat with its excited crew and Master calmly sleeping. We can only say that this is more than mere scientific accuracy of observation: it is the truth that one absorbs with all his faculties at once.

Of Millet's 'Angelus' something similar may be said; but it comes after, at a long interval. It is a small picture (25½ x 21½ inches), carefully and well painted, rather gray and colorless except in the sky, where hang some rosy sunset clouds. The two peasants standing with bowed heads, and the perspective of flat, furrowed fields, are too well-known through engravings and photographs to need description. That Millet was not incapable of coloring well—a charge sometimes brought against him—is shown by his picture of 'Grafting,' in which the effect of sunset light on the two figures in the foreground and the wall of their cottage behind them is admirably rendered. His imaginative strength is most evident in the 'Tobit,' which to many, we fear, will seem merely grotesque. Tobit and his wife have come forth to watch for the return of their son. The blind old man feels his way out by the door-post. His wife shades her eyes and bends forward to

scan the rises and hollows of the road. Their old cat partakes their excitement. The animals in the fold stick out their heads. Though everything is real as in a modern French village, there is an air of the supernatural about the work; and, remembering the story, one begins to sympathize with Tobias's anxious parents. All of the Corots in the exhibition are in his later, idyllic manner. Perhaps the best, all things considered, is the 'Dance of Loves': a large mass of dark trees and rocks to the right; a meadow in front with a number of little boys dancing; beyond, a broad river or estuary with distant mountains, and an exquisite evening sky.

Rousseau's 'Hoarfrost' is one of the great landscapes of the century. There is a bit of wintry meadow in front, with rising ground on either side, the barren, sandy soil showing through the coarse herbage. In the hollow between the two slopes are a few dark fir-trees, and, beyond, a rocky distance with scattered, leafless trees. A cold, red sunrise breaks through the heavy clouds in a longitudinal rift above the firs; and everything, near and far, is grisly with the frost. It is painted in Rousseau's best manner, with a free but calculated touch.

Art Notes

THE epitaphs and the effigies in Westminster Abbey, with an etching of the interior of Henry VII.'s Chapel, and Burne-Jones's work as a decorative artist, with a photogravure and several other illustrations, are the principal contents of the November *Portfolio*. 'A Ford on the Lea at Hatfield' is the title of an etching by F. Slocombe which serves as frontispiece.

—The Assistant Secretary of the Treasury has confirmed Collector Erhardt's decision that a statue made abroad from the designs of an American sculptor is dutiable when imported into the United States.

—A number of rare prints in fine condition, belonging to Mr. F. Meder, are to be seen at Klackner's Gallery, 5 East 17th Street. Among the more important are a 'Marriage of St. Catharine,' engraved in relief on metal; a copy of the 'Small Crucifixion' of Martin Schongauer; a very brilliant impression of Durer's 'St. Hubert'; Rembrandt's 'Good Samaritan,' a fine proof with full margin, and an early impression of his 'Old man with a Divided Fur Cap.' The collection also contains some fine mezzotints and steel-engravings.

Notes

MISS ETHEL ARNOLD, daughter of Mr. Thomas Arnold and grand-daughter of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, has written for *Harper's Monthly* a long article on Oxford, which is to be lavishly illustrated. Miss Arnold is a sister of Mrs. Humphry Ward, and knows her Oxford quite as well as the author of 'Robert Elsmere.' She spent several months in America last winter, and friends here who have seen certain MSS. from her pen declare that she has inherited her full share of the literary genius of her family. Miss Arnold's home is in Dublin.

—Next week's CRITIC will contain a brief essay, by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, on 'Literature and the Stage,' in which the writer speculates as to the character of the present separation or divorce of the Stage and Literature, and questions whether it be a good thing for either the husband or the wife—a sign of the degeneration of the drama or its natural evolution. The number will be, like to-day's, a valuable guide, both in its reading-matter and advertisements, for book-buyers and art-lovers in quest of gifts for the holidays.

—It is proposed by a number of authors, publishers, etc., interested in the advocacy of International Copyright, to give a breakfast in compliment to Count Emile de Kératry, now in this country as the authorized representative of the sentiment on this subject of the Société des Gens de Lettres, Société des Auteurs Dramatiques, and other French literary societies. The breakfast will be given at Delmonico's (Fifth Avenue and 26th Street), on Saturday, Dec. 7. The call announcing it is signed by the following Committee of Arrangements: W. H. Appleton, Dr. Edward Eggleston, J. W. Harper, R. W. Gilder, Henry Holt, A. D. F. Randolph, Charles Scribner, Brander Matthews, Laurence Hutton and R. U. Johnson, Secretary.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day (Saturday) a new volume of poems, by Robert Browning, issued, by special arrangement, simultaneously with its appearance in England; also, a new issue of the Riverside Edition of Browning's Poetical Works, including all the corrections and changes recently made by Mr. Browning, and the poem 'Pauline,' in its previous form, in an Appendix to the volume in the body of which the latest revised version appears; 'A New England Girlhood, Outlined from Memory,' by Lucy Larcom; 'Three Dramas of Euripides,' the 'Medea,' the

'Hippolytos,' and 'Alkestis,' by Wm. Cranston Lawton; 'Portraits of Friends,' by John Campbell Shairp, with a sketch of Principal Shairp by his friend Prof. Wm. Young Sellar, and an etched portrait; a new edition of E. W. Howe's 'Mystery of the Locks'; the address delivered at Wellesley College at the opening of the Farnsworth Art School, by Martin Brimmer; and 'Wilbur Fisk,' by Prof. George Prentice of Wesleyan.

—D. Appleton & Co. have in press 'Around and about South America,' by Frank Vincent, who circumnavigated the continent, visiting all places of interest on the coast, and many inland. It will form a large and richly illustrated volume, and will probably appear in a few weeks.

—Mr. Howells and Thomas Nelson Page are among the contributors to the Christmas *Harper's Young People*, to appear Dec. 3. 'The Pony Engine and the Pacific Express' of the former is illustrated by Rosina Emmet Sherwood, and Mr. Page's 'Nancy Pansy: A Story of War Times' has a number of pictures by W. L. Sheppard. Nora Perry tells of 'Ju-Ju's Christmas Part'; a bit of Breton folk-lore appears in translation; there is a sonnet by Mary R. Willard, with music by R. H. Warren; and Al. Barber has designed a gay cover to enclose all these tidbits. 'The British Occupation of New Amsterdam,' by T. de Thulstrup, will be reproduced, in color, on two pages of *Harper's Weekly*, published Dec. 4. George A. Hibbard will contribute a novelette of New York life, 'Papoose: A Christmas Story,' with drawings by W. T. Smedley. Clarence Pullen will tell the story of 'Christmas at the Hacienda,' in New Mexico, with a spirited drawing by Frederic Remington. This Christmas number, of large proportions, will have a special holiday cover.

—The New York Kindergarten Association was formed on Friday, Nov. 22, to extend, as far as possible, to the children of this city the benefits of the kindergarten system of education. The meeting was very largely attended, and much interest was manifested. After a form of organization was agreed upon, the following Board of Managers were elected:—Mrs. Grover Cleveland, Miss Grace H. Dodge, Mrs. Mary H. Simpson, Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, Rev. E. M. Deems, Mrs. Henry Villard, Miss Emily Huntington, Mr. W. M. F. Round, Miss Caroline B. LeRow, Miss Angeline Brooks, Dr. Nicholas M. Butler, Dr. E. W. Donald, Mrs. R. W. Gilder, W. Bayard Cutting, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, Dr. G. F. Krotel, Dr. Jerome Allen, Miss Florence Dean, Mrs. Richard Irvin, Jr., Mrs. R. L. Shainwald, Daniel S. Rensen, Miss Jenny B. Merrill, Miss E. J. Crothers, Rev. J. M. Bruce, Dr. Henry Mottet, Prof. Sprague Smith, Prof. Jasper T. Goodwin.

—The Women's Press Club of New York has just been organized, with the following officers: Mrs. D. G. Croly ('Jennie June'), President; Mrs. Lippincott ('Grace Greenwood'), First Vice-President; Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, Second Vice-President; Mrs. M. M. Merrill ('Margaret Manton'), Recording Secretary; Miss Laura Boylan, Corresponding Secretary; Mary F. Seymour, Chairman of the Board of Direction, and Mrs. Florence Ives, Mistress of Ceremonies. The first reception will be held at an early date at Delmonico's, the guest of the occasion being Miss Amelia B. Edwards.

—An important work to be issued anonymously by J. B. Lippincott Co. is entitled 'Justice and Jurisprudence.' It is 'an inquiry concerning the Constitutional limitations of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments.'

—The Marquis of Lorne has written 'A Canadian Love-Tale' for the Tillotson Syndicate.

—In the ballroom of the Hotel Brunswick the Goethe Society listened on Monday to an address by George Parsons Lathrop on 'Genius and Society.' Mr. Lathrop began with a reference to Mr. Howells's declaration that there is no such thing as genius, and Henry James's that society does not exist in the United States, and gave many reasons for disputing both. Genius, he maintained, was the doing of one or many things with excellence, but without conscious intellectual effort. It was God moving in the mind of man.

—Novello, Ewer & Co. announce a new Christmas Carol composed by Joseph Barnby, to appear in *The Musical Times* for December. 'A new departure,' they say, 'has been made in the composition.'

—Benjamin G. Lovejoy, a well-known citizen of Washington, died on the 21st inst., his death being the result of a cold contracted ten days before. He was a lawyer, a writer and an editor. At one time he served as Assistant District Attorney of the District. For a short period he edited *The Capital*, then owned by Donn Piatt. His chief literary effort was a 'Life of Lord Bacon,' which received much praise and was reprinted in England. At the time of his death he was one of a commission engaged in revising and codify-

ing the laws of the District. He was also a writer for the *Baltimore Sun*. A few years since Mr. Lovejoy's trenchant pen was pressed occasionally into the service of *THE CRITIC*; and it was he who wrote of Mr. Bancroft and Col. Hay in our series of Authors at Home.

—Gebbie & Co. have just imported an edition of 'The Mirror of the World,' by Octave Uzanne—the latest volume of the series that includes 'The Fan' and 'The Sunshade.' It is illustrated by Paul Avril.

—Dury's History of France, recently published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., is already in its second edition.

—The centennial of the occupation of its building in Fifth Street below Chestnut, Philadelphia, was fittingly celebrated by the American Philosophical Society on the 21st inst. There was a reception in the afternoon, and a banquet in the evening.

—An autograph lately sold in London was a note from Tennyson, reading thus: 'I have many thousands of these applications, and rather make a point of neglecting them; for why should I flatter the madness of the people? Nevertheless, as the request comes from an old friend, behold an autograph!'

—'Dodo and I' is the name of a new novel by a new Haggard—Capt. Andrew, brother of the redoubtable Rider. It is said to contain vivid descriptions of scenes in the last Abyssinian war.

—*Lippincott's* will contain next year certain 'passages from a posthumous story by Nathaniel Hawthorne, with an introduction and commentary by Julian Hawthorne,' in four parts. This is 'a version, hitherto unpublished, of the theme of "The Elixir of Life" and of "The Bloody Footstep," also treated by Hawthorne in "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret," "Septimius Felton," and "The Dolliver Romance."' The younger Hawthorne, 'by paraphrasing such portions of the manuscript as are repeated in the published stories above named, imparts to the whole the character of a complete tale.' The same magazine is arranging for a series of papers on newspaper life, as journalists see it. Papers on other topics to appear shortly are 'The Saloon Idea in New York,' by Chas. H. Crandall; 'Newspaper Fiction,' by William Westall; 'The Theatrical Renaissance of Shakspeare,' by Edward Fuller; and 'Reminiscences of Fanny Kemble,' by C. B. Todd.

—The Rev. Herbert D. Ward has nearly completed a novel with the scene laid in Babylon and archæological in character. Mr. Ward and his wife, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, have taken a house in Washington.

—The Lippincotts announce 'The Maid of Orleans, and the Great War of the English in France,' by W. H. Davenport Adams. The volume will be illustrated.

—'John Ward, Preacher' is being translated into Dutch. Mrs. Deland's new serial story, 'Sidney,' is promised by *The Atlantic*.

—The American Secular Union, an association having for its object the complete separation of Church and State, acting by its President, Dr. Richard B. Westbrook, 1707 Oxford Street, Philadelphia, offers a premium of \$1000 for 'the best essay, treatise, or manual, adapted to aid and assist teachers in our free public schools and in the Girard College for orphans, and other public and charitable institutions professing to be unsectarian, to thoroughly instruct children and youth in the purest principles of morality without inculcating religious doctrines.' The essay should contain 60,000 to 100,000 words.

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice on any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

- Anderson, E. L. Modern Horsemanship. \$5.50..... G. P. Putnam's Sons.
As White as Snow. 20c..... Chicago: Fleming H. Revell.
Bethune, G. W. Joy and Gladness..... Richfield Springs, N. Y.: Ibbotson Bros.
Bigelow, John. Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. \$1..... G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Björnson, Björnsjerner. Arne and the Fisher Lassie. \$1.40..... Scribner & Welford.
Brine, Mary D. The Boys and Girls of Marble Dale. \$1.50..... Cassell & Co.
Brown, F. R. Memory Bells..... Richfield Springs, N. Y.: Ibbotson Bros.
Cable, Geo. W. Strange True Stories of Louisiana. \$2..... Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Cable, Geo. W. The Silent South. \$1..... Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Cahill, E. H. And After Death? 50c..... Pollard & Moss.
Catalogue of the Cleveland (Ohio) Public Library.
Cicero's Death no Bane. Tr. by R. Black. \$1.50..... Scribner & Welford.
Crane, Walter. Flora's Feast. \$1.50..... Cassell & Co.
Davies, Thomas A. Am I a Jew or Gentile? 25c.....
Dunn, L. R. The Gospel in the Book of Numbers. \$1..... Hunt & Eaton.
Edmondston, E., and Saxby, J. M. E. The Home of a Naturalist. \$2.50..... Scribner & Welford.
Emerson, R. W. Essays: First and Second Series. 50c..... Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Eschstruth, Nataly. Polish Blood. \$1..... John H. Alden.
Gilbert, W. S. Fogerty's Fairy, and Other Tales. \$1.50..... Geo. Routledge & Sons.
Goddard, Fannie. Christmas Waiting..... Richfield Springs, N. Y.: Ibbotson Bros.
Goddard, Fannie. The King's Daughters. Richfield Springs, N. Y.: Ibbotson Bros.
Haggard, H. R. Allan's Wife. 25c..... Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Harper's Young People, 1880.....
Harrison, C. H. A Race with the Sun. \$5..... G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Houghton, S. M. The Christ Child..... Richfield Springs, N. Y.: Ibbotson Bros.
Heimburg, W. Magdalen's Fortune. Tr. by Mrs. J. W. Davis..... Worthington Co.
Hemans, Mrs. The Homes of England. 35c..... Chicago: Fleming H. Revell.
Hoffmann, Prof. More Magic. \$2.50..... Geo. Routledge & Sons.
Holding, C. B. Peter the Preacher. \$1.25..... Hunt & Eaton.
Horsford, E. N. The Discovery of the Ancient City of Norumbega. Amer. Geog. Society.
Howells, W. D. A Hazard of New Fortunes..... Harper & Bros.
Hubert, J. & P. G. Liberty and a Living. \$1..... C. P. Putnam's Sons.
Hurlbut, J. L. Lesson Commentary for 1890. \$1.25..... Hunt & Eaton.
Hurlbut, J. L. Supplemental Lessons for the Sunday School..... Hunt & Eaton.
Josephus, Flavius. Works of. 3 vols. Whiston's translation, revised by A. R. Shilleto. Scribner & Welford.
Kate Greenaway's Book of Games. \$1..... George Routledge & Sons.
Kobbe, G. Wagner's Ring of the Nibelung..... G. Schirmer.
Leger, Louis. A History of Austro-Hungary. Tr. by Mrs. B. Hill. \$2.25..... G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Loftie, W. J. Westminster Abbey. \$7.50..... Macmillan & Co.
Mead, C. M. Supernatural Revelation. \$2.50..... A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Mortley, John. Walpole. 60c..... Macmillan & Co.
Munroe, Kirk. Golden Days of '49. \$2.25..... Dodd, Mead & Co.
Murray, Charlotte. Morning Light and Evening Joy. Richfield Springs, N. Y.: Ibbotson Bros.
Murray, Charlotte. Key-Notes. 50c..... Chicago: Fleming H. Revell.
Nichols, L. D. Lotus Bay. \$1.50..... Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
Norris, W. E. Mrs. Fenton. \$1..... Henry Holt & Co.
Ormsby, A. S. Heart Whispers. 35c..... Chicago: Fleming H. Revell.
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